

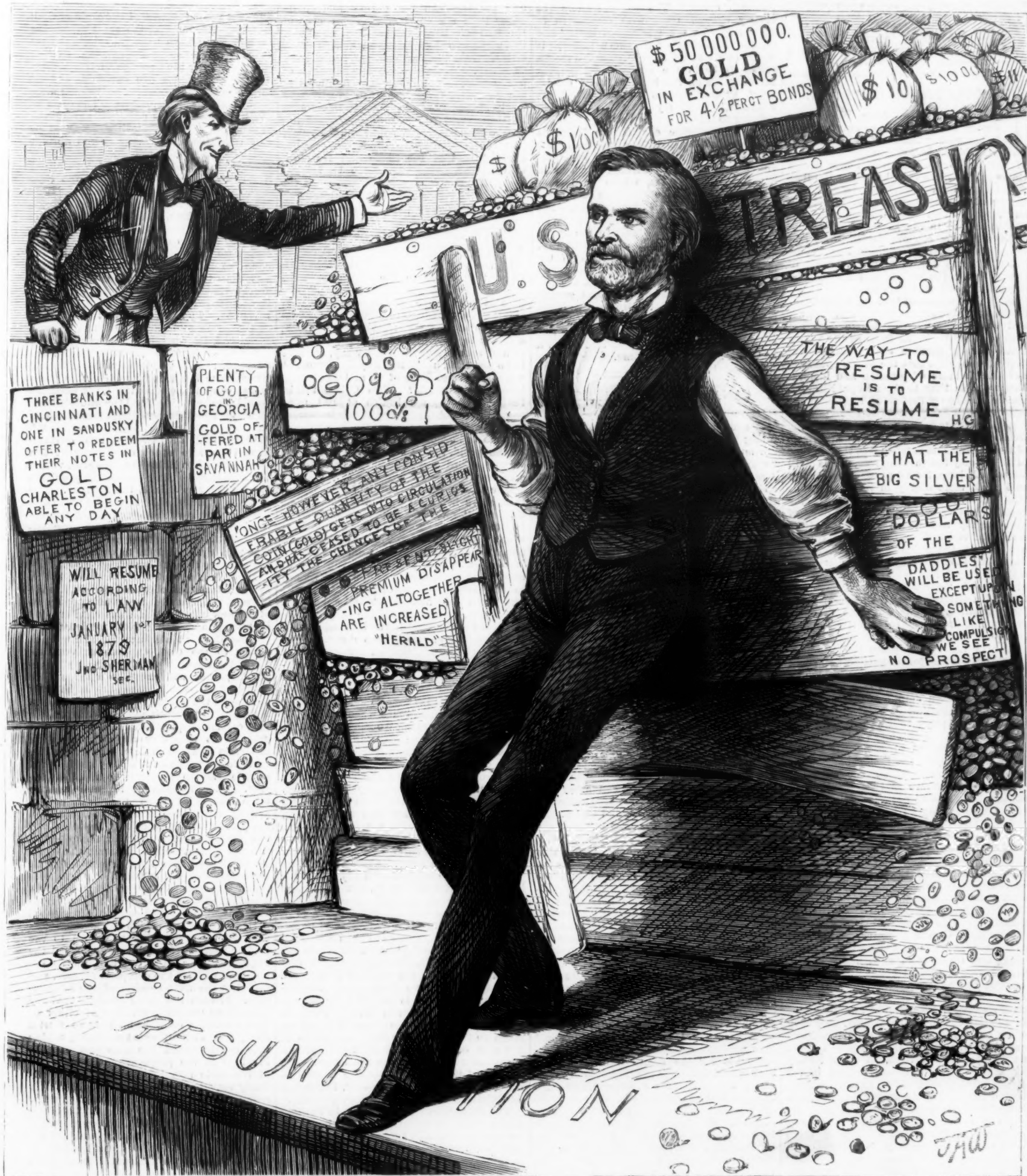
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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SPONTANEOUS RESUMPTION.

UNCLE SAM—"LET IT GO, SHERMAN! THE PEOPLE WON'T WAIT UNTIL NEXT JANUARY TO RESUME SPECIE PAYMENTS."



FRANK LESLIE'S  
**ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.**  
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## THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

THE political news from Washington during the last week or two has been laden with "notes of preparation" for the coming "Fall elections," when each of the leading parties which now divide the country will be called to enter the lists and struggle for supremacy in the next House of Representatives. It is already an "acquired fact" that the control of the Senate will be in the hands of the Democrats after the 4th of March, 1879, and hence the wager of battle now about to be joined can only have the popular branch of Congress for the objective point of the impending political campaign.

It must be admitted that the two parties do not enter the arena on an equal footing, and though the light of battle does not shine as brightly in the faces of the Democratic hosts as some of their leaders could desire, it is plain that the *gaudia certaminis* have much more of promise and inspiration to them than to their Republican adversaries. In the first place, they enter the struggle with the prestige of two victories won on the same battle-field, for, though the Democratic majority in the present House of Representatives is much less than in that of the Forty-fourth Congress, it is still abundantly large for all practical purposes, and much more wieldy in its proportions than the "raw militia" whom Mr. Blaine used to badger and worry in the days of his doughty and theatrical digladiation. And then it has been found, on a careful analysis of the "doubtful Congressional districts," that there are rather more with a small Republican majority, offering the promise of "gains" to the Democrats, than of districts having a Democratic majority small enough to offer the prospect of a probable victory to the rival organization.

And in the second place the two parties do not contend for the prizes of an equal ambition. The most that the Republicans can achieve is to avert a disaster which threatens to be a culminating one in the series of losses and defeats which have brought their party to the very verge of ruin—a ruin from which it was rescued in the last Presidential election only by the grace and mercy of the Electoral Commission. The Democrats, on the contrary, being already secure in that "colgne of vantage" which they possess in the control of the Senate, may be said to contend for victory, when the Republicans contend for their very existence. As the ensuing Congress will be called to count and declare the electoral votes cast for the next President and Vice-President of the United States, and as it was only through a division of political sentiment between the two Houses of the Forty-fourth Congress that the Republicans were able to profit by the award of the Electoral Commission, it does not need to be said that, whatsoever political advantages may result from such a division in the next "Presidential count," are already assured to the Democrats, even if they should lose the next House of Representatives; while, if they should again succeed in getting control of that body, they may enter on the Presidential contest without any fear whatsoever that they will again be stripped of the fruits of their victory by a Republican garrison lodged in the House of Representatives, as a little more than a year ago by the Republican garrison lodged in the Senate.

To the Democrats, then, the coming autumnal elections are something more than a mere reconnaissance in force, with which prudent generals are wont to "feel" the enemy in order to test his strength and discover how he is setting his battle in order. They are contending for strategic positions, which, if once possessed, will make them masters of the situation in the

coming Presidential campaign. Whatever regulations may be concerted by the present or the ensuing Congress for avoiding the perils of another disputed Presidential election, it is obvious that the count will be "harmonious" if the Democrats shall have the supremacy in both branches of the national legislature.

It has been made apparent by the preliminary caucus of the Republicans at Washington that they do not propose to enter on the coming canvass without a "clean line of clearance" between their organization and President Hayes. It is now intimated that the recognized leadership of the party will be "offered" to the President, who is again expected by the managers to throw the "weight of the Administration" into the Republican scale, wherever the balance wavers in the so-called doubtful districts. The hoarse slogan of Senator Howe, "accomplishing the knights, and with busy hammers closing rivets up" for a war & outrage against President Hayes, has ceased to wake any echoes at Washington in the Republican camp. The party leaders see clearly enough that, with dissension in their ranks on the "financial issue" and on the President's "Southern policy," it would be a blunder in politics worse than a crime to begin the struggle by heaping maledictions on the head of their official chief. "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," cried my Uncle Toby, "but nothing to this."

The Democratic caucus, we learn, is somewhat troubled by the spectre of the "National Labor Party," which has "developed" unexpected strength in certain quarters of the West, where Democrats and Republicans have vied with each other in the propagation of financial heresies. A fungus growth of unsound financial opinion has attached itself to the flanks of each party in this portion of the country, and it remains to be seen which of the two will be the more injured by the mushrooms it has nurtured. But that the National Labor Party is a mushroom growth will be plain enough to all who recall the proportions assumed by the "Granger movement" only a few years ago, and who mark the insignificance into which it has sunk at the present time.

## CANALS AND COMMERCE.

THE questions of low tolls, free canals and inland commerce have been agitating the public and the Legislature this Spring, and a few days ago ex-Governor Seymour delivered a masterly address at Albany on this theme. He favors low tolls as the best available means of recovering the lost commerce of the canals, and would only make the canals free as a last resort. It is doubtful—and the Governor seems to admit it—whether either of these measures will prove effective. The canals have had their day. Fifty years ago they built up our villages and cities, and multiplied our internal commerce; but the railway came, with its swift means of conveyance, and, except in our own State, the canals exist but in little more than name. Freeing the canals and making them public highways will scarcely effect the desired change, so long as the railroads continue to multiply their facilities of transportation. We should not and cannot forget the debt owed to these water highways, but the effort to re-invest them with the prestige of fifty years ago will prove a failure.

Governor Seymour has made a strong and practical plea for economy, thoroughness and responsibility on the part of canal officials, and in doing this he has struck at the root of the greatest evil connected with the management of the canals. Heretofore responsibility has been divided and widely distributed between the Canal Board, the Commissioners, the superintendents of divisions, and the contractors. Under this régime, it was impossible to say where the fault for extravagance lay, and how the remedies should be applied. In the multitude of reports made by officials, the inquiring public were bewildered, and had to give up their endeavors to secure the facts. As the Governor says, "he who wishes to learn about our canals has to read so many reports, which are not made with reference to each other, that he finds it very hard to get a clear idea about them. We want no more reports to bewilder us. It was under their mists and clouds that frauds were shrouded from public view—that everything went wrong and nobody was to blame." Now we have a superintendent who is responsible for the entire working of the canals, and while the public holds him to a strict account for all expenditures, his deputies will be under the same severe rule of personal and official accountability to himself. If this does not secure economy in management, no other plan will be likely to succeed; and in that event, the State had better go out of the business of attempting to direct and control public transportation.

The true reason of this renewed interest in the canals is that there has been so much talk about our lost commerce. It has been said that Boston, Philadelphia

and Baltimore were stealing away the commerce that belonged properly to the City of New York, and some timid souls have expressed fears that the metropolis might be utterly despoiled of its traffic. There is no room for such fears. It is true that some of our neighbors have been as busy as we have been backward in supplying terminal facilities, but our citizens are taking measures to supply the remedy; and it is equally true that other Atlantic cities are naturally entitled to their share in the ocean and transcontinental traffic of the nation. They have always had their share, and it is not reasonable to expect that the metropolis will control all of it. In point of fact, the City of New York prospers mightily; its wealth increases; its wharves are crowded; half a dozen great lines of railroad centre here; its streets are thronged, and its people busy. What more could be expected? If times are hard, the metropolis must feel the burden. When better days come, it will be prompt to appreciate them.

Commerce marks out its own centres, and nothing can make this metropolis other than the chief commercial city of the nation. It should be—and, no doubt, is—willing to share its growth with other cities. There is traffic enough for all, and to spare. While we test the strength of our canals, and increase the facilities of our railways, there is no reason why New York should begrudge to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston the commercial triumphs they have of late won and deserved. The future of the canals may be doubtful, but not that of the State and its chief cities. The commerce of the land lying east of the Mississippi will converge for centuries at the mouth of the Hudson.

## THE HEALTH OF WOMEN.

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE, one of the ablest women in England, has an interesting paper in the *Contemporary Review* on the "Little Health of Women." The title is suggestive and starts inquiries. Health is a quantitative affair. Most people have some health; many have much; a few have an apparently unfailing fund of it, and scarcely any can truly say, "There is no health in us." But why do women, as a class, have so little of an article of such incalculable worth? Miss Cobbe thinks that, ranking good health at 100, most women will not rise above 75, while a great number will fall as low as 50. "Whatever light their burners were calculated to shed on the world, the gas is turned down, and cannot afford anything beyond a feeble glimmer."

The causes of this unfortunate state of things are not hard to find. Miss Cobbe thinks that much of the ill-health of women is inherited, and much of it results from woman's unselfish devotion and sacrifice of herself for others in a thousand ways. Women who are prudent in the use of money are often utterly reckless in regard to themselves, and will work, watch, wait, and suffer for the comfort and enjoyment of others, feeling that the sacrifice is right, till their health fund is exhausted and physical nature breaks down. Then many women are infatuated with the notion that "delicacy" is lady-like, and that weakness and paleness and debility make them the more interesting, and they cultivate invalidism until it becomes chronic. They are well when ill and sick when well. The habits in vogue among women are not conducive to health and strength; but one of the chief causes of their feebleness is their style of dress. Miss Cobbe lays special stress upon this point; she regards it as the chief source of woman's physical woes. We cannot help recalling the remark of Worth, the famous Parisian mode-maker, when asked if he could not invent a style of dress for ladies which should be both healthful and beautiful. "I modeled such a dress after the Persian woman's costume years ago," he replied—"a style at once healthful and picturesque, but no woman could be found to wear it." The despotism of fashion prevented the adoption of a dress which had in it the promise of physical recuperation. There has been a marked change on this subject in public sentiment within a few years. The trammels of custom are breaking; the bonds of society are growing more elastic every year; Bloomerism, as it is called, is possibly too ugly to ever find acceptance with American women of taste and social aims. But it is not too much to hope that the dress of women in the next century will be far healthier and handsomer than the styles worn now. The woman of the future will clothe herself in health and strength and beauty, instead of neuralgia and debility and unshapeliness.

The chief trouble, however, is in the fact that the modern woman's life is so confined, so shut up within doors, so restricted to a narrow round of duties and tasks, which do nothing to develop her body and call her physical powers into play, that she has nothing to give her strength nor to keep her well. Man gets a vigorous muscular development in the business and work of life; woman's duties play upon the nervous

centres, and drain off her vitality. If she exercises, it is usually when she is nervously exhausted, and in a listless, heartless way—exercise for the sake of exercise, which never does much good. The modern city house, built in the air, with innumerable stairs and close rooms, and no end of furniture to be taken care of, and all the conveniences to increase care—is a woman-killer. One of the first needs of our woman is physical emancipation from a routine which is sapping their vitality, breaking down their nerves, and using them up. They want more out-of-door life, more muscular activity, more vigorous, energetic exercise of the physical powers, more sunshine. Houses, said old Dr. Jackson, were not made to live in, but to eat, and sleep, and die in. Our women want a freer and more expansive life than they are accustomed to, more engaging interests, more enkindling ambitions, more inspiring hopes. The physical and the spiritual go together.

## THE NEW YORK CODE.

SINCE the enactment of the Code of Civil Procedure in 1876, the legal profession in this State have been floundering about in a lamentable state of confusion. Neither the friends nor the enemies of the present system of practice are satisfied, and all alike are casting about for something more desirable or less obnoxious. The Code of Civil Procedure, with certain amendments, is the work of a Commission appointed by Governor Hoffman to simplify and abridge the old Code adopted in 1848. After several years' delay, and after involving the State in an expense of \$100,000, the Code was, in 1876, submitted to the Legislature for adoption. Thirteen chapters, embracing 1,496 sections, were passed upon, and May 1st, 1877, fixed upon as the date for them to go into operation. These chapters were to be interpolated in the old code of nearly thirty years standing, and were to annul, modify or change such sections in the earlier code as appeared to be in conflict with, or differed from, the later revisions. By a strong effort on the part of the Bench and Bar, though not a unanimous one, the operation of the new Code, after being in force for a few weeks, was suspended until September 1st, 1877; at which time it was understood nine additional chapters, containing 1,822 sections, would also be enacted, and the whole become the rule of practice and supersede entirely the old Code. The Legislature recommended that the twenty-two chapters should go into effect on September 1st, 1877. Governor Robinson, however, vetoed the nine chapters, but signed the provision for the delay in case of the thirteen. The result is that since the latter date all legal practice has been conducted under two entirely distinct, and in many cases conflicting, codes of rules, and much confusion exists in legal minds as to what is the proper practice to be followed.

Much of the confusion, however, is due to the determined efforts of certain friends of the old Code, and consequently opponents of the new one. A spirit has been evinced indicating a determination to defeat the present Code at all hazards, and without regard to the cost, expense or vexation which their course, whether eventually successful or not, will cause to a large class of persons whose interests are in jeopardy so long as the uncertainty as to the result is permitted to continue.

It cannot be questioned that the rules of practice as they now appear are crude, uncertain and incomplete. The necessity of a prompt settlement of the much vexed question is too manifest to need discussion. The interests of litigants are too often sacrificed upon technical points, arising from questions of practice, and the present condition of that branch of the law presents a wide field for sharp practitioners and technical attorneys to prevent justice, incite litigation and roll up expense. The movement now on foot to secure the repeal of the present Code, and a revival of the earlier one, does not, however, seem the easiest or quickest way out of the difficulties. This is the more certain, as the proposition to return to the former system of practice is attached the request that a new Commission be appointed to revise the completed Codes, and report at the next session of the Legislature. It does not seem possible that any efficient or practical revision of either or both the Codes could be made in so short a time, nor without great expense, taking into consideration the time and expense involved in the preparation and adoption of the Code now in existence. It is not likely that, in the end, a more satisfactory result would be reached, and though a few who are now dissatisfied might be better pleased, there would be as many more who would become more bitter opponents of the last result than they now are of the present condition of the question. The simplest and apparently the safest course to pursue, is for all the friends of law and order, and both combined, to exert their influence to secure the adoption of the remaining nine chapters of the present Code, and give a



fair trial to the system, which has cost enough to make it infallible, if that quality is to be obtained in exchange for money. It is not now a question of friendship to either of the Codes, or to either of the fathers thereof; it is simply what can we do to rid ourselves of this vast incubus of uncertainty and suspense which is now retarding the work of justice. All selfish and vindictive feelings or motives should be laid aside, and only the one object be considered—that of securing an honest and well-defined method of administering the law. The wisest of laws must fail if no provision is made for the enforcement of them. Practice is the assistant of the law, and without the aid of the former, the latter becomes a nonentity and worthless.

THE New York Board of Education reports that the average attendance of pupils in the Public Schools of the city last month was 110,055—an increase of about 6,000 over the corresponding period of last year. Under the Act just passed by the Legislature, the minimum age for admission will hereafter be five years, instead of four. The average attendance in 1876 was 101,559. It appears, therefore, that the increase is steady from year to year.

#### THE FORCE OF POPULAR OPINION.

AT times it appears that of all the forces which are operative in the world there is nothing more blind, fickle, unreasoning and inconclusive than popular sentiment. When men are massed, they frequently appear to lose their conscience and their independence. Nations will follow the voice of some Peter the Hermit, leading them to desolating, chimerical crusades. The assembled Jews demand that Barabbas be released unto them, instead of acquitting their innocent Christ. Socrates tells the Athenians that it was not the peculiar fault of his age, or of his people, that he was condemned upon an indictment which no just judge would entertain for a moment, but that wherever the people were omnipotent, no one who opposed injustice—open and frequent injustice—could escape destruction. At the time of the French Revolution, all men set themselves to the work of destruction. It were enough that anything had been previously established and revered to earn for itself the sentence and execution of hatred and extermination. In the name of liberty, men subjected themselves to despotism and despair. Religion, property, all that made society, were attacked and subverted; men turned upon each other like wild beasts, to show what an inestimable privilege it was to be free from tyranny. Even faith and hope were given up, it seemed, for no other reason than that they were bequests of the age past. Macaulay says it was "the barbarity of fear."

In more modern times, a civil war could be precipitated upon the most advanced republic in the nineteenth century, in the interest of slavery and partisan politics. An empire State, by the popular suffrage, kept in power a cabal, or ring, organized for the purpose of taxing the resources of the people, in order to increase the fund which the ring could plunder and again distribute in rewards to its retainers. A popular "boss" was the cynosure and master of judges and of statesmen; and if the people suffer from their prodigality, and if the commercial prosperity of the nations fall into disorder and decay, and want and stagnation succeed, a popular demand for money carries the supreme law-making body of a great commercial nation to set themselves to obey the behest, and make cheap money—bricks without straw. When, in our judicial system, the ascertainment of disputed facts is required to be intrusted, not to judges, who might be arbitrary, but to the combined wisdom of a jury of peers, conclusions are frequently reached which do not appear to be consistent with any theory of the evidence offered.

But we are compelled to concede that there is no surer or more powerful vindicator of truth and justice than the deliberate, ultimate decision of the popular mind. The infiltration of the elements may be through coarse land and miry soil, but, in the long results of time, we find deposited in the mine, when it comes to be uncovered, pure gold. Socrates, as far beyond his age as he was in thought and hope, was precipitate in his condemnation of popular government. The spasm and convulsion of the French Revolution were the labor of a new birth among the ages. In our civil war the vehemence of passion and the cohesion of vested interests were unable to cope with the calm sense of popular rights and the solemn sense of obligation to that nation which was giving hope to the world. While no subjects are so ill adapted, from their recalcitrant, subtle principles, which are beyond the test and experience of the moment, for popular appreciation and determination as those of

political economy, yet we are now witnessing that the laws of trade work so incessantly, irresistibly and pervasively, that the necessary teaching is in due time given to the people, to enable them to appreciate any error committed against immutable principles. The appeal has sometimes, in popular governments, to be made from Philip drunk to Philip sober, and sometimes, of course, from Philip ignorant to Philip informed. But the recuperation is sure to be brought about. Henry Clay's maxim—"Truth is immutable and public justice certain"—is argumentative and worthy of reliance. With all the vagaries of the jury-box, the philosopher of the bar, Daniel Webster, declared that, notwithstanding the imperfection of the system of leaving the deliberation of facts to a mixed jury, it was the result of an experience of twenty years at the bar that there was no better way of securing substantial justice.

The temporary popularity and power of corrupt and selfish demagogues, and of unjust and demagogic measures, only conceal the inevitable revulsion and punishment which at a deliberate pace always advances to overthrow those who mislead and betray, or who fawn on and truckle to the people. Mr. Lincoln was not the idol of the nation he saved. He was translated before his apotheosis came. But it came. Mr. Hayes is conscientiously picking his solitary way along the path of public service he declared he intended to follow; while the members of his party look askance at his work and are proving to themselves that the Administration is very unpopular. But drop by drop the rock is worn away, the power of party politics, although assisted by the self-evolution of members of the Administration, and although supported on the universal desire for office, is failing before the slow self-assertion of the feeling of fair play and gratitude in a people heretofore rather distant and independent. The long memory of the people—in cases where acts of legislation are passed for low purposes—as, for example, to increase the pay of the members voting them, and are at the time covered and surrounded by an atmosphere of apology and justification—is remarkable in its demonstration of the judicial competency of the voting public. And when the people, rising from a great depression, begin to feel the morning air of a new prosperity, as now, nothing will hold it in leash for long, but its intuitions and quick onward rush will prove this clumsy, inconsistent, ignorant mass to be as sensitive as a barometer and as compact as a machine.

#### SPECIE RESUMPTION.

THE practical abolishment of the premium on gold which has been gradually going on shows that "resumption" has been accomplished without awaiting the period fixed for its occurrence by legislative enactment. Last week two of the strongest banks in the West—one in Chicago and one in Cincinnati—began redeeming their notes in gold over their counters, and other banks will probably soon follow their example. Secretary Sherman's recent visit to New York seems to have been remarkably successful, and to have reduced to a certainty the previous strong probability of resumption. Placing himself in direct communication with the capitalists whose co-operation he desired to secure, he satisfied himself that the strong combination of bankers known as "The Syndicate" was the only safe medium available for delivering \$50,000,000 of gold before the 1st of January, at a rate for Government bonds leaving a small margin of profit. Mr. Sherman accordingly entered into a contract with that organization, and in so doing he imparted a degree of confidence to capital such as has long been prayed for throughout the country. The selection of these bankers assures a steady gold market during the rest of the year, for their strong foreign connections will, doubtless, enable them to preserve the equilibrium of our credit abroad, while their previous success stands as a guarantee of their ability to handle the present immense transaction. By this arrangement, Mr. Sherman is now able to count with certainty on having in the Treasury, at the close of the present year, \$172,000,000 in coin, besides the \$300,000,000 of greenbacks which he proposes to keep for the banks to avail themselves of as a reserve, in order to release specie. The influence which these hopeful circumstances will have on the holders of idle capital must be very great, although it cannot be measured at once by outward evidences. The realization will come as loans become easier, and enterprise, so long held hopelessly in check, finds itself once again encouraged. It certainly looks as though the financial bottom, which for several years past has appeared to constantly recede from our sinking feet, has at length been reached. Once again we know where we stand, and can lay our calculations with some degree of confidence for the future. Everything conspires to give our securities a more hopeful aspect in the eyes of foreign investors, and to

heighten the probability that a steady current of gold will flow to us from Europe through the rest of the year. Thus, at length, we are able to announce the quiet arrival of resumption of specie payments, in anticipation of the period provided for that event, and in spite of the misguided efforts of Congress in opposition to its accomplishment. Whatever else may be said concerning his administration, President Hayes has certainly earned the admiration of the world by effecting, as he has been largely instrumental in doing, this desirable result at this early day.

#### SENATOR CONKLING'S VIEWS.

THE political community was thrown into a state of excitement last week by the publication in the New York World of what purported to be an interview with Senator Conkling. In this protracted interview, the Senator was represented as having laid bare his heart concerning the public characters of the day of both parties. The President came in for a special amount of vituperation, and the threat was darkly held forth of revelations soon to be made respecting the Administration which would cover it with foulest infamy through all future time. It turned out that this precious document was not the report of an "interview" in the technical sense of that phrase, but a rehearsal from memory of the substance of several conversations held by Mr. Conkling with a person who had recently been in a position of close relationship with him. Mr. Conkling's attempt to disavow the utterances ascribed to him was too weak to amount to genuine repudiation, and, with a slight intermixture of fiction, the document contained enough truth to do the sorehead Senator infinite damage with both his constituents, whom he misrepresents, and his political opponents, whom he abuses.

A BILL is before the United States Senate providing that hereafter there shall be no distinction except as to grade and date between brevet commissions in the regular and volunteer forces conferred upon officers of the army now in active service or on the retired list for gallant, distinguished, meritorious or faithful services. The Bill explicitly provides that section 1,226 of the revised statutes shall be so construed as to confer the same privileges upon officers of the regular army as were conferred by it upon officers of volunteers.

THE Bill agreed upon by the Judiciary Committee of the House to provide for the distribution of the balance of the Geneva Award authorizes all persons or corporations claiming a title to any of the money to bring a suit in the Court of Claims at any time within a year, and directs the Court to "render judgment for each claimant who was an actual sufferer by the violation of the laws of neutrality by Great Britain for such amount as, in their opinion, he shall justly be entitled to recover under said treaty and award according to the principles of justice, equity and the law of nations," and without regard to the rule introduced into the law creating the Court of Commissioners of Alabama claims excluding insurers unless they could show that their losses exceeded their profits. The Act further allows interest at the rate of four per cent. from the date of the law, and provides for appeals to the Supreme Court, which are to have precedence of all other cases.

THE pressure upon Congress for the repeal of the Bankrupt Law is very strong from the moneyed, mercantile and other interests of the country. One petition alone from the City of New York contains 1,020 signatures of those who hold that the original intent of the law was to effect a prompt and equitable division of the bankrupt's estate among his creditors, and to afford relief to honest and unfortunate debtors, and those only. In practice, however, they find that it does not prevent fraudulent preferences; and the possibility of obtaining a discharge without payment in full is a constant temptation to dishonest persons to contract large debts and then seek a discharge under this Act, or a compromise in part payment, and they regret to represent that this course of action is often facilitated by the collusion of creditors and dishonest attorneys, and generally the practical effect of the law has been to destroy confidence on the part of the capitalists and damage the credit system.

GERMANS IN DISTRESS.—The Department of State has received a dispatch from the United States Consul at Nuremberg, describing the distress which prevails in the spinning and weaving districts known as the Vergland, owing to the continued depression of trade. Most of the factories are closed, and the weavers and their families are subsisting on their past earnings, and glad to get fifteen to twenty-five cents per day for hand work, without board. In Nuremberg the wages are higher, although but few can find employment, and

the prostration of business seems to be increasing. The beer-houses, of which there is one to every nine households in Nuremberg, are filled with idle laborers. The falling off in American and Oriental trade is regarded as a cause of the depression. There are thousands of suffering German-Americans wandering about Germany in search of employment and means of returning home to the United States, which they foolishly left in search of better wages. The Consulates are overwhelmed with appeals for aid. When sick there is no provision for these wanderers. The hospitals are local charities for the benefit of the residents of the several towns. Occasionally the Bavarian Government pays the expenses of those who are shown to be absolutely destitute. The Consulates are powerless to assist these unfortunate creatures.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

THE House of Representatives has voted to repeal the law authorizing the coinage of twenty-cent pieces.

THE remains of William M. Tweed were buried in the family lot in Greenwood, April 17th, with Masonic ceremonies.

EX-GOVERNOR MOSES has at length been delivered to the agent of the State of South Carolina under the extradition laws.

GEORGE W. BLUNT, Pilot Commissioner and Secretary of the Board, died in New York City, April 19th, aged 76 years.

A FURTHER reduction in the wages of mill-operatives at Lowell, Mass., and Dover, N. H., has been announced, and a strike is imminent.

THE nomination of Mr. Reynolds, of Alabama, for First Auditor of the Treasury, which was rejected in March, has been confirmed by the Senate.

UNDER a new charter, granted by the last Legislature of Connecticut, the Charter Oak Life Insurance Company has been reorganized on a mutual basis.

WILLIAM ORTON, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, died of apoplexy, Monday morning, April 22d, at his residence in New York City.

THE heirs of Brigham Young are disputing in the District Court, Salt Lake, the claim of the Mormon Church for nearly \$10,000,000 out of the late Prophet's estate.

It appears probable that the Boards of Trade of all our large cities will appoint committees to confer with M. Choiteau on the subject of a Franco-American commercial treaty.

THE formal opening of the Erie Canal was made April 15th. Thirty-eight boats cleared from Buffalo, where 1,500,000 bushels of wheat had been stored during the winter.

OATHS of office were administered, April 15th, to Samuel Blatchford, as Judge of the United States Circuit Court, and to William G. Choate, as Judge of the United States District Court, both of New York.

NEARLY 500 delegates from the United States and Canada attended the International Sunday-school Convention which opened at Atlanta, Ga., April 17th. On the 20th there was a grand children's jubilee.

THE National Academy of Science opened its annual meeting at the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, April 16th. On the 18th, Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale, was elected Vice-President, Professor John Henry retaining his position as President.

##### Foreign.

A NEW conflict between the Catholic bishops and the Brazilian Government is threatened.

GERMANY and Switzerland have accepted the invitation of the United States to the International Bimetallic Conference.

GENERAL TRUJILLO, regarded a good soldier and excellent administrator, has attained the Presidency of the United States of Colombia, C. A.

A DISPATCH from Berlin says Germany has proposed the simultaneous withdrawal of the Russian army and the English fleet from before Constantinople, and that Russia has consented.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL KEY, and Senators Hamlin and Kirkwood, of the Postal Commission, have called on Captain-General Jovellar, at his palace, in Havana, and been cordially received.

It is stated that Serbian negotiations with the Russian headquarters, relative to Old Serbia, have resulted satisfactorily. Half of the Serbian army have been granted a forty days' furlough.

A DISPATCH from Constantinople under date of April 20th, says that Mr. Layard has taken steps to put English subjects under the protection of the American Minister. The latter has asked the consent of his Government.

GREAT discontent exists in the Roumanian army, and quarrels frequently occur with the Russian troops. Prince Charles has joined his army, and also called out the entire militia force. Germany and Austria have recommended that Roumania should come to an agreement with Russia.

A VAST strike among English cotton operatives is reported, and fully one-half the looms and spindles in the kingdom are said to be idle. At Blackburn, Darwen, Burnley, Lower House, Padiham, Accrington Church, Oswaldtwistle, Rishton, Great Harwood and Baxenden, the strike is practically general.

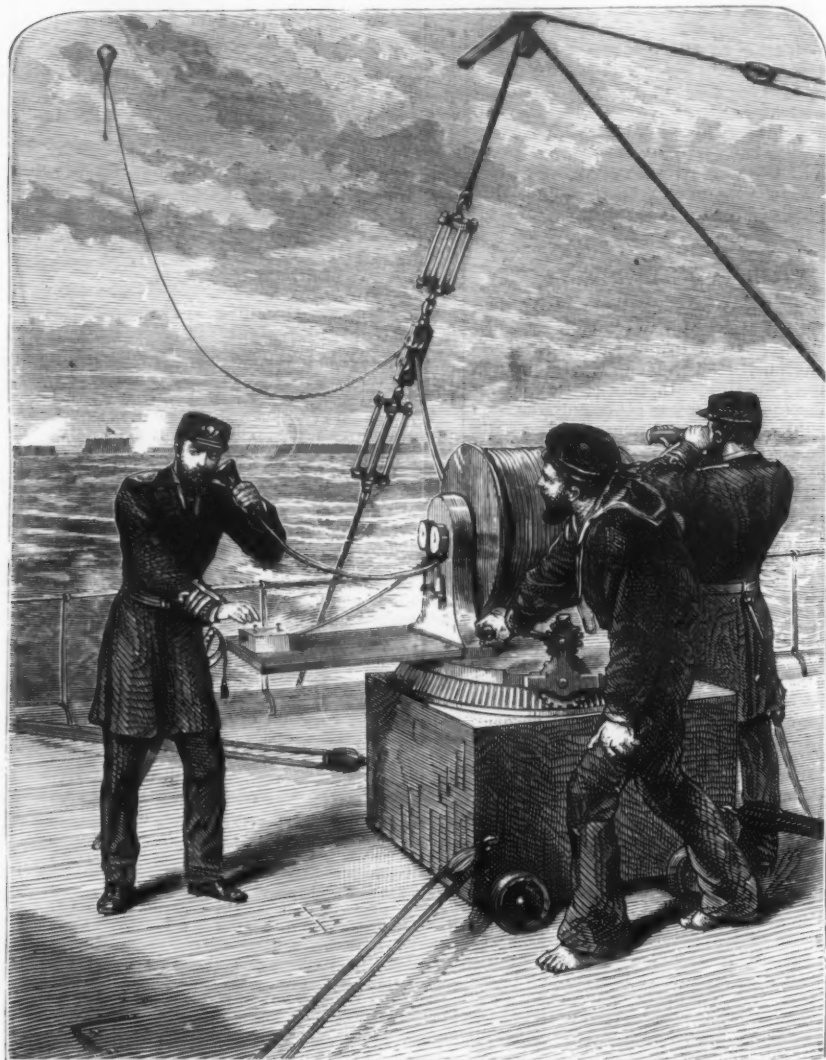
GENERAL TODLEBEN's appointment to the command at San Stefano is considered the first step towards effecting the compromise suggested by Prince Bismarck touching the position near Constantinople, that is, the simultaneous withdrawal of the British fleet from the Sea of Marmora and the Russians from the neighborhood of Constantinople.

A NEW Ottoman Ministry has been formed with Sadyk Pasha as President of the Council, and Salvet Pacha Minister of Foreign Affairs. The latter took a leading part in the Conference of 1876. Ahmed Vefyk Effendi, whom the Sultan dismissed from the positions of President of the Council and Minister of the Interior, advocated an immediate alliance with England, while the other Ministers and the Sultan favored neutrality for the present.

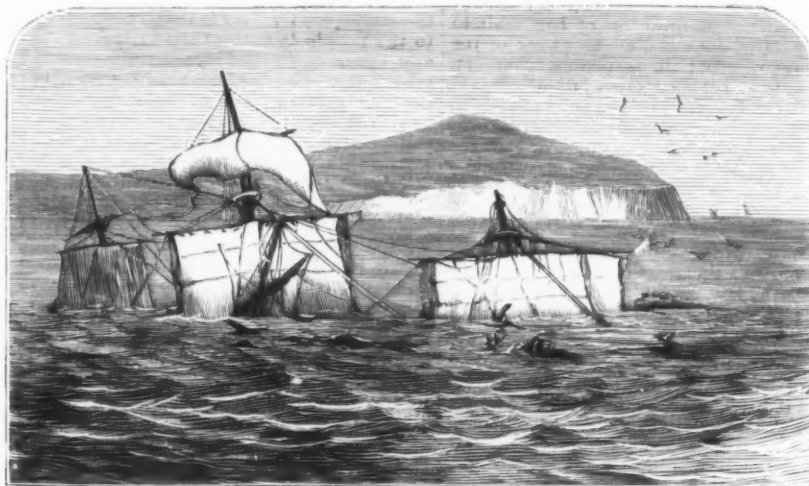
THE British Government has chartered fifteen steamers to convey troops from India. The charters are made out with the option of Port Said, Alexandria or Malta. It is rumored that the Government entertains the idea of landing troops at the two former places, and occupying Egypt until the Conference meets, or some satisfactory solution is arrived at. Queen Victoria has issued a proclamation prohibiting the export, or carrying coastwise, of torpedoes, torpedo-boats fitted with apparatus for torpedoes, and all apparatus for projecting inflammable material or firing torpedoes. England has rejected Bismarck's proposition that a Congress should be summoned to revise the treaties of 1856 and 1871, which Russia has accepted, and again insists on her original conditions.



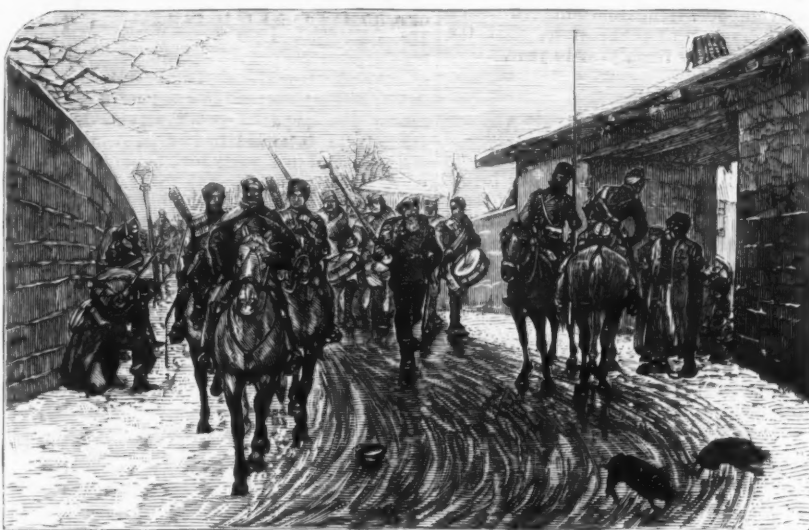
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 143.



ENGLAND.—THE WARFARE OF THE FUTURE—AN AERIAL BATTERY.



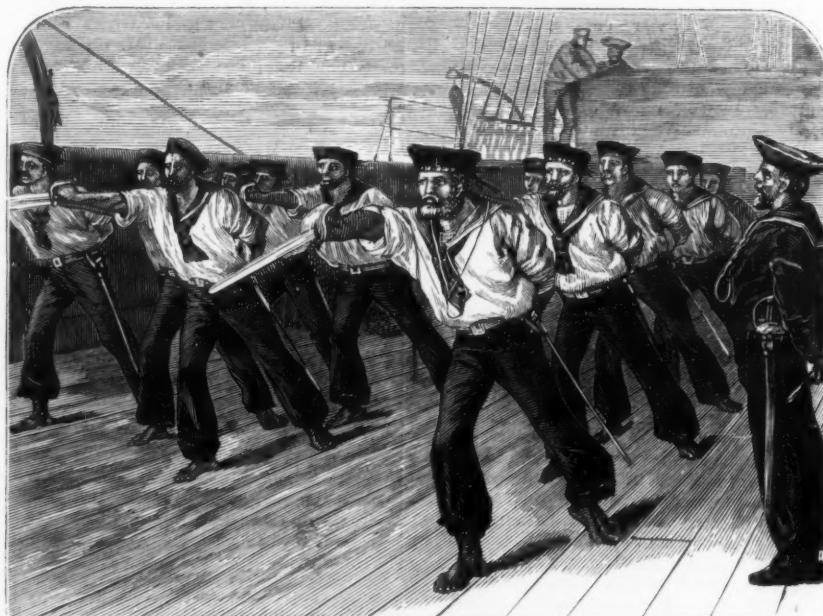
ENGLAND.—THE WRECK OF H. M. S. "EURYDICE" IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.



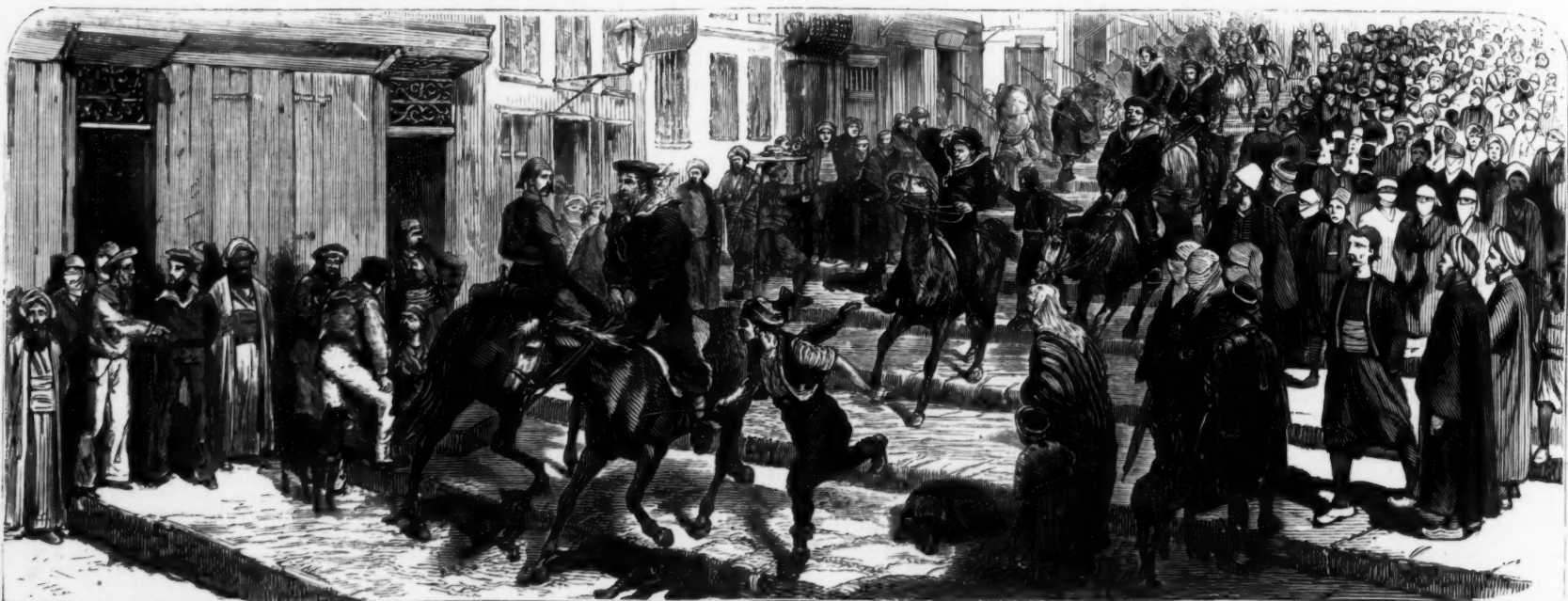
TURKEY.—RUSSIAN SOLDIERS ENTERING THE OUTSKIRTS OF SAN STEFANO.



AUSTRIA.—FUNERAL PROCESSION, IN VIENNA, OF THE LATE ARCHDUKE.

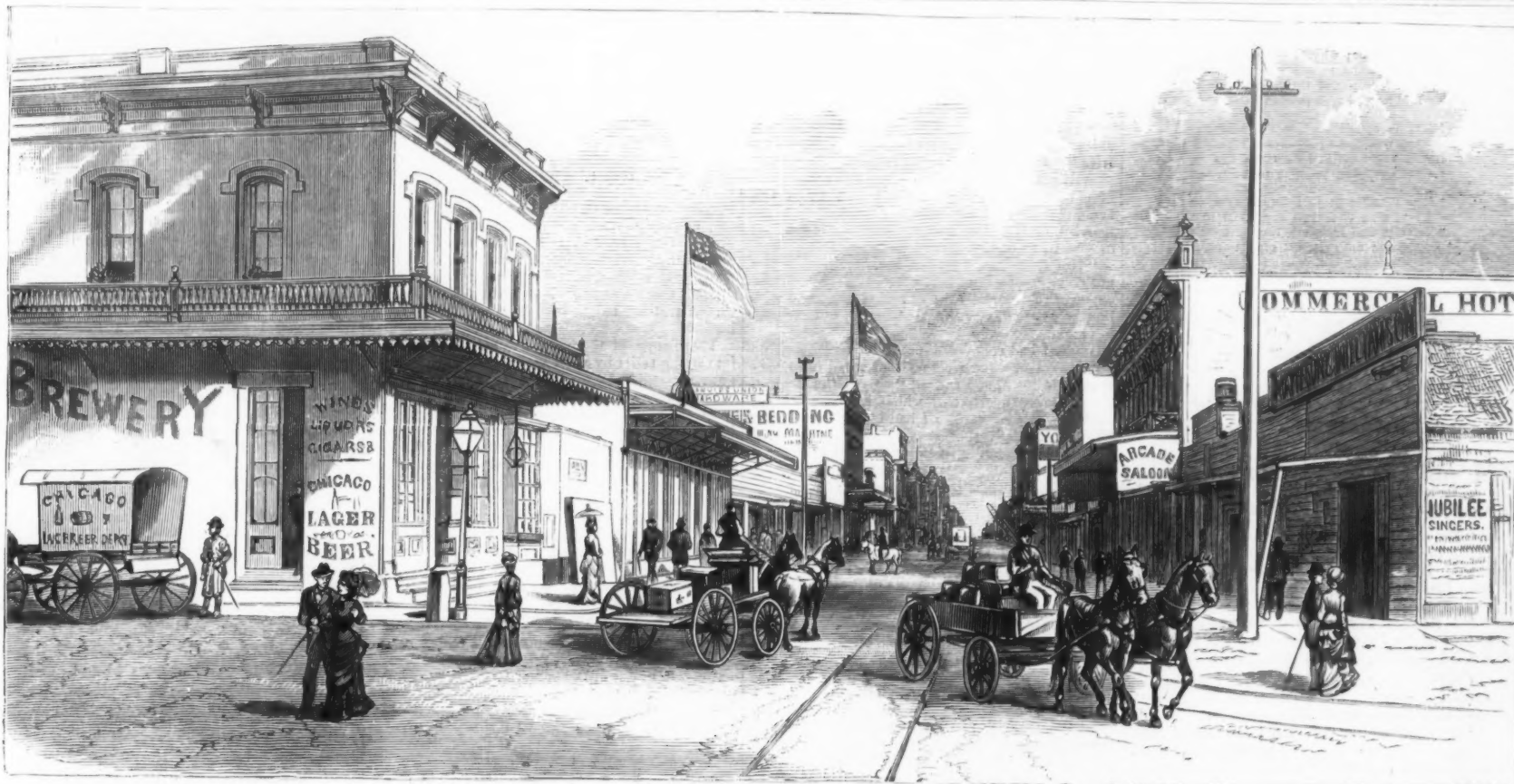


TURKEY.—CUTLASS DRILL ON BOARD A BRITISH WAR-VESEL IN THE SEA OF MARMORA.

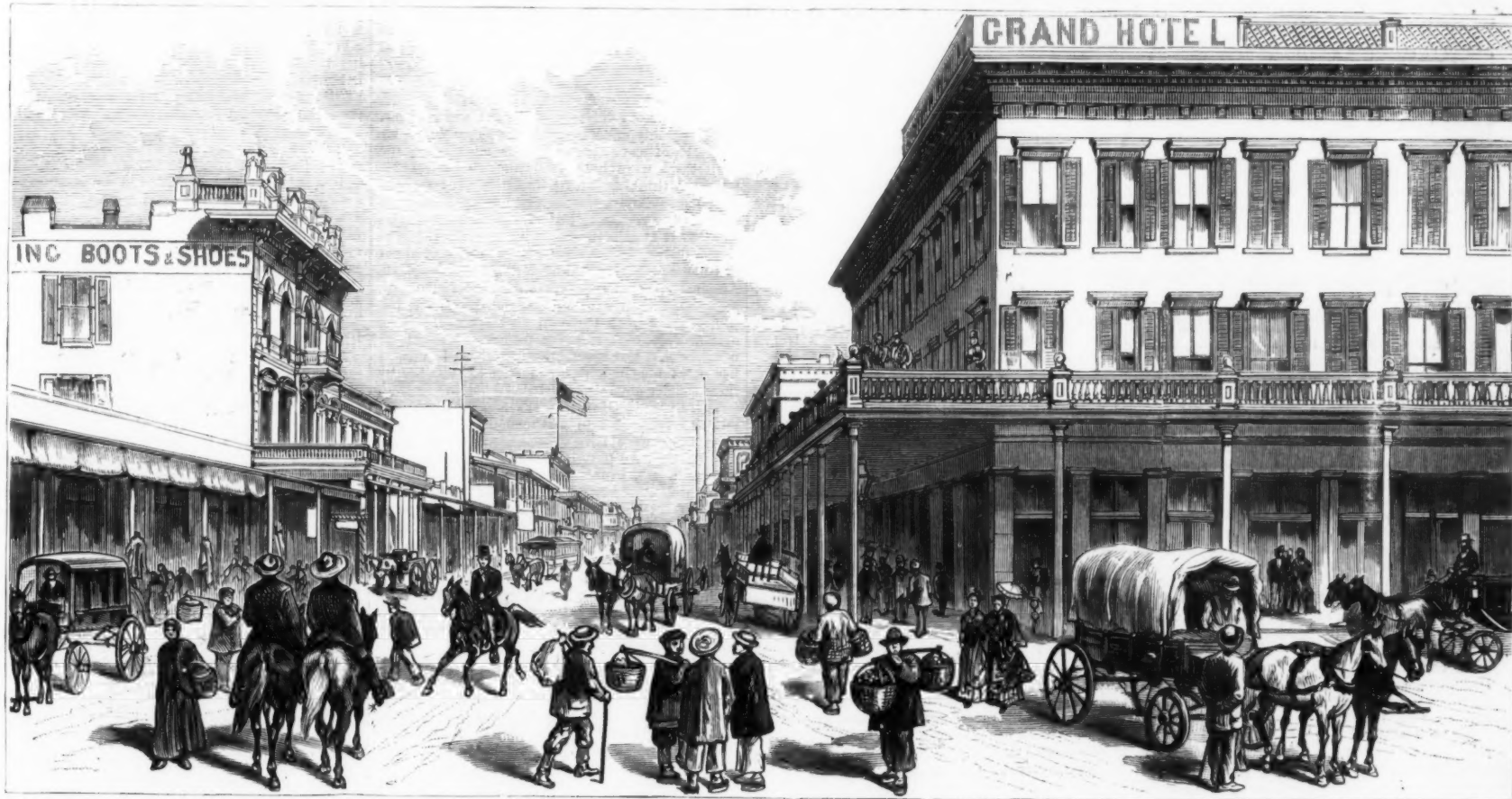


TURKEY.—THE BRITISH FLEET OFF CONSTANTINOPLE—HORSE-MARINES IN THE STREETS OF PERA.

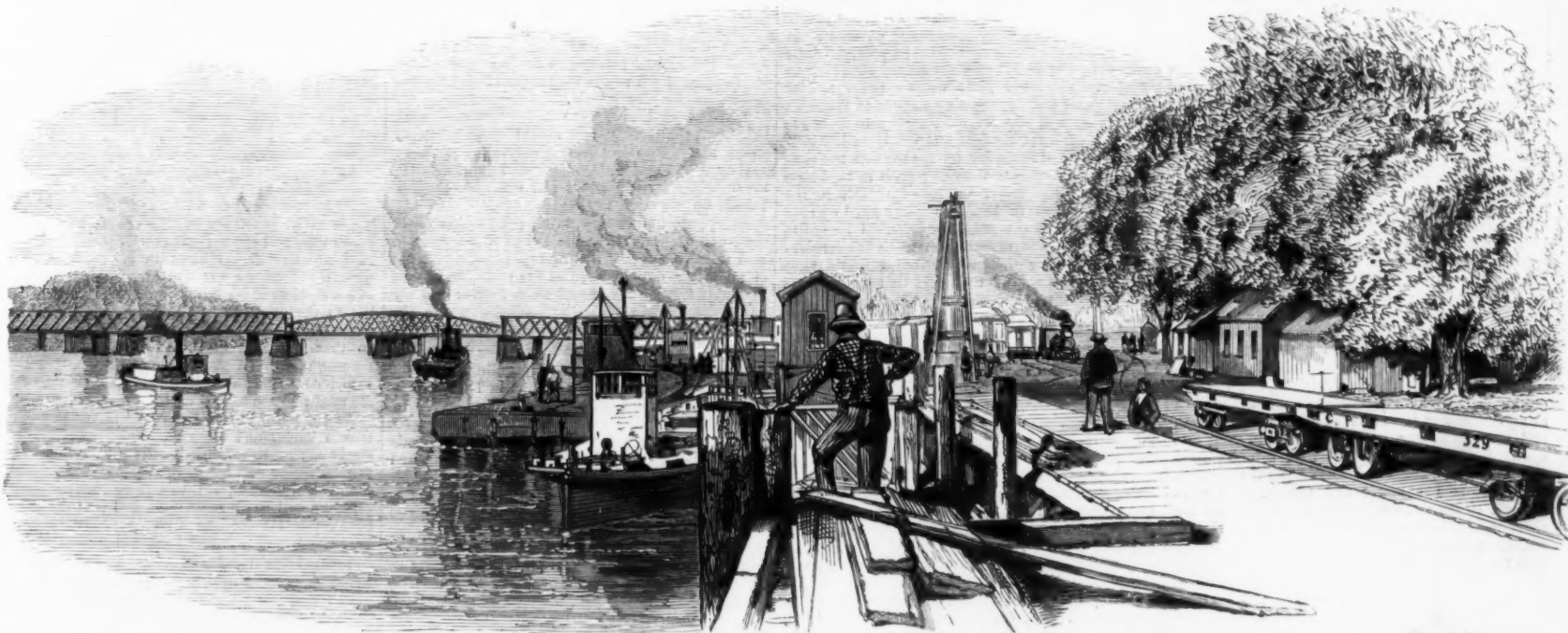




A STREET SCENE IN SACRAMENTO.



THE GRAND HOTEL IN SACRAMENTO CITY.



BRIDGE ACROSS THE SACRAMENTO RIVER AT SACRAMENTO CITY.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION—WESTWARD TO THE SACRAMENTO RIVER.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.  
SEE PAGE 142.



## I LOVE THEE.

I LOVE thee; why, I cannot tell;  
A thousand nameless winning ways  
Around thee weave their magic spell,  
And make words poor to speak thy praise.

I love thee; not because thine eyes  
Are matched by heaven's celestial blue,  
But in thy trustful look there lies  
Th' unspoken promise to be true.

I love thee for some subtle charm  
That seems to draw my heart to thine;  
Thy voice and look my fears disarm  
And tell me thou art only mine.

I love thee; not for wealth or fame—  
No worldly wish holds thoughts of thee;  
And since thy heart reveals the same,  
How bright with hope our lives may be!

M. A. BAINES.

## RACHEL LINDSAY.

## A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN STORY.

TOWARDS the end of November, about two years ago, I received the following curt note from my brother Donald, who, like myself, is a sheep-farmer in South Australia:

"MY DEAR JERRY—Lizzie sends her love, and hopes to see you when your shearing is over, as usual. If you will say what day, I'll fetch you from Ballarat. Yours, affectionately,

DON GARDINER.

"N.B.—Just began to wash the wool. Lizzie's sister says she has seen my apparatus at Conolly's, but I don't think it. Ask Conolly."

Conolly was a neighbor of mine, and he chanced to have brought me Don's letter, and to be lighting his pipe at my elbow while I read it.

"Conolly," said I, "do you know any of Mrs. Gardiner's sisters? She has an unlimited number, I believe, for I have met a fresh one—sometimes two fresh ones—every Christmas for about half-a-dozen years, and here is still another I never heard of. She appears to be acquainted with you and this neighborhood."

"Oh, yes; that's Cinderella," interrupted Conolly, as he abstracted a bundle of newspapers from our joint post-bag and began to rip the wrapping from them. "Haven't you seen Cinderella? She was never out of Tasmania, I suppose, until last Spring, when she was staying up here with the Macdonalds. The Macdonald girls called her Cinderella because she had always been the one to stay at home and keep house while the others went about. Her proper name is Rachel. Oh, Jerry, Jerry!" he broke out suddenly, laughing in what seemed to me a very offensive manner (my proper name, I may mention, being Gerald), "your sister-in-law, Lizzie, will be too many for you. She won't let you escape this time. She has kept Rachel as her last card."

"If ever I marry a woman with such a name as that, I hope I shall be a henpecked husband for the rest of my life!" I retorted, angrily, seizing a paper-knife and beginning to tear away at the *Australasian*, so as to drown further conversation upon what was a very sore subject.

My brother Donald's wife, Lizzie, was as good and kind a little woman as ever breathed, but like many young wives in happy circumstances, she was a matchmaker. And being impulsive, effusive, and not quite—what shall I call it? I don't like to say she was not quite a lady, but that would suggest my meaning—she did not pursue her calling with that tact and judgment which its delicate nature required. I need not say more, except that she had a number of spinster sisters, and only one bachelor relative, who lived all by himself in single blessedness on his own fine and thriving property, and that I was that male victim. I beg pardon of all the Misses Lindsay for using such a term; I was not a victim as far as they were concerned. But I did feel it hard that I should be laughed at wherever I went as the captive knight of half-a-dozen fair ones, when I had never had the choosing of one of them.

When I received the above letter I had just seen my last wool-bale packed on the last bullock-dray, and started on its slow journey to Melbourne; and the day after I set off myself on my yearly visit to Don. He was less fortunate in respect of sheep-shearing than I, for living in an exceptionally cool district, where an exceptionally wet and wintry Spring had kept everything behindhand, he had still all his troubles to come. I thought of that as I buttoned myself into my Ulster, which I was glad of that cold morning, though Christmas was only a month off; and I reflected that I should be the only unemployed man at the disposal of the household until the shearing was over, and foresaw, as I thought, the consequences. I made up my mind, however, that I would defy Lizzie's machinations in a more systematic manner than heretofore. May I be forgiven for so priggish a determination.

It was midnight before I reached Ballarat, where Don usually met me; but upon this occasion I found a telegram, stating that he was too busy to leave his farm, and would send for me next day. So I had one game of pool at the club and went to bed; and next morning enjoyed an hour or two over newly-arrived English papers and periodicals, and a solitary lunch; and then the familiar old ramshackle buggy and the beautiful horses Don was famed for made their appearance, and I set off on the last stage of my journey. When I arrived at my destination it was dark and raining heavily; and the groom who opened the stable-gate told me that my brother had not long come up from the wash-place, and was interviewing the shearers at the but. I was wet and muddy, so I went straight to my room without even asking for my sister-in-law, who was usually in her nursery at that hour, and proceeded to make myself respectable for dinner. Presently I heard Don about the passages (the house was "weather-board" and the partitions extremely thin) asking the servants where I was; and then his head and a half-bared neck appeared in the narrow aperture between my door and the door-post.

"Glad to see you, old boy; but I'm too dirty to come in," said he. "Seen Lizzie?"

"Not yet."

"Seen Rachel?"

"Not yet. But I say, old man, would you mind telling me how many more sisters you've got?"

"No more," said Don, with a grin. "She's the last one, and she's the best of them all."

"Then I hope I may be allowed for once to enjoy the society of one of Lizzie's sisters in a friendly way," I grumbledly responded (for I may as well admit that Don and I had had confidences of old on this subject). Don't you think you could give Lizzie a notion that I don't mean to get married, or that I've a sweetheart up the country, or something of that sort?"

"Not I," rejoined my brother, laughing. "I'm not going to spoil her fun, poor little soul; you're old enough to take care of yourself." And with that he went off, whistling cheerfully, to his dressing room.

When I had completed my toilet I gathered up some boxes of choice cigars that I had been purchasing in town, and carried them to the door of the adjoining apartment, which had been Don's smoking-room ever since I had known it. To my surprise, the bolt shot sharply as I touched the handle, and I heard a rustle of drapery inside. A housemaid coming along with lamps for the dinner-table, called out hastily:

Oh, sir, that is Miss Rachel's room now. The

smoking-room is at the end of the veranda, where

Miss Carry slept last year. Mrs. Gardiner wished

it to be changed because she didn't like the smell

of tobacco so near the bedrooms."

I took back my boxes, thinking no more about

it, and went on to the drawing-room, which was

full of light and warmth and comfort, as usual,

and where I found two of my little nieces sitting

demurely on a sofa, in their best frocks, ready to

rush into my arms. Lizzie came hurrying in after

me, rosy and radiant, and with plenty of flourishes

and colors about her, and gave me her own en-

thusiastic welcome; and then Don, spruce and per-

fumed, joined us. Don in his early years had been

a dandy, and a little youthful weakness remained in

him still. He never came to dinner without rings

on his fingers and subtle odors in his clothes; and

he was at great pains to keep a pair of Dundreary

whiskers accurately adjusted on each side of a

closely-shaven chin. He had been ten years in the

bush, and had never objected to "roughing it" in

a general way; but he persisted in shaving himself

every morning, let what would happen; which

singular habit in an Australian country gentleman

very much puzzled his bearded friends. I for one,

used to quiz him as well as I knew how, when I

saw him swathe his neck in a handkerchief before

going out to his work if the sun shone too strongly;

but I respect his little vanities nowadays, and hope

he will keep his white throat and his Dundreary

whiskers as long as he lives, bless him. He took

one of his little girls on his knee, and questioned

me about my station matters and about Conolly's

sheepwash (which was not so well furnished with

improvements as his own, much to his satisfaction);

and Lizzie gave me an account of the development

of her respective children since I had seen them

last, including the cutting of the baby's teeth;

and then the dinner-bell rang.

"Where's Rachel?" inquired Don.

I turned a languid eye upon the door when we heard the sound of a distant rustle, expecting to see one of the smart and smiling damsels I was so used to, and wondering whether this one would be dark or fair. With a slow and quiet step she came along the hall and entered the room, and my heart began suddenly to beat in a very unpleasant manner. She had a delicate, thoughtful, but piquant face, wavy brown hair modestly and becomingly set, and a slight figure daintily dressed in pale-blue silk, with a little white lace about throat and arms; and yet she was the image of Marie Antoinette in Delaroché's picture, only with a more majestic dignity of carriage, if that could be, and a more cold and calm disdain upon her face. As soon as I saw her, and felt the exceedingly faint acknowledgment she vouchsafed when we were formally introduced, I intuitively guessed—with a horrible sense of shame and mortification—that she had overheard what I said to Don in my bedroom through those card-paper walls!

I never thought I should feel so concerned at standing ill with one of Lizzie's sisters as I felt before that evening came to an end. All through dinner I saw, without looking, offended dignity in the poise of her head and the studied repose of her manner, and heard the ring of it in every inflection of her voice, though it was so subtle and delicate that only a guilty conscience could detect it. It was a great deal worse in the evening, when Lizzie began her fussy little contrivances for throwing us together. The poor little woman never had so impracticable and aggravating a sister to manage; and I never met one who attempted to treat me with such open indifference and thinly-veiled contempt. It is unnecessary for me to state the consequences. I began to interest myself in this Miss Lindsay as I had never interested myself in the others. I began to bicker for her good opinion as I had never bickered for theirs. I longed to set myself straight with her, and beg her forgiveness for a thoughtless insult that I would have given worlds to recall, and to feel that the way was open between us to meet and associate as friends. This longing grew apace as the evening wore on, but the prospect of its gratification grew less and less. Until the little ones were taken away by their nurse she devoted herself to them, telling them stories most of the time in a dark corner, whence merry chatter and ripples of subdued laughter came flowing out to us; but when they were gone the bright vivacity that was her true characteristic went too, and she became Marie Antoinette again.

With an amiable wish to make things pleasant, Lizzie asked her to pour out the tea; but she merely stood in front of me at the tea-table, with her little nose in the air, and asked me whether I took sugar and cream, in a high, clear tone that brought a puzzled wonder into her sister's face and a slow smile to Don's. I came and stood beside her to take the cups from her hand (her pretty head was about level with the flower in my button-hole), and she tried to ignore me, but could not. Her hands shook slightly, and a little angry flush came and went in her face; but I preferred that

to having no notice at all. Later on she went to the piano, and sang song after song for the delectation of Lizzie and Don, neither of whom had the hearing ear and the understanding heart to appreciate the pure quality and poetic sweetness of her voice. By this time I was very low-spirited, and I drew away from my host, who was growing sleepy after his hard day's work, and took a chair near her—which of course was a signal to Lizzie to leave the room. As she sung on, forgetful of me and of everything but the poetry awakening in her, and as I studied the pose of her slight figure and half-bent head, and the now dreamy happiness in her face, and listened for the first time after many years to the true translation of a language that I loved, a vague perception dawned in me that there was some latent fellowship between us. And then I felt that fate had indeed been hard.

The silence of the room was presently brought into strong relief by a deep snore from Don, whereupon she suddenly rose from the piano and saw that we were virtually alone.

"Good-night, Mr. Gardiner," she said, promptly, holding out a somewhat reluctant hand and stiffening back into her unnatural stateliness.

I took it and held it and looked into her face and I tried to tell her, as well as plain "good-night" would do it, that I knew what had happened and wanted her to forgive me. I think she guessed what my look meant, by the sudden crimson flame in her face; but she walked out of the room with as much dignity as she had first walked into it, without another word.

The early days of December were cold and wet, and the shearing was a protracted and troublesome affair. Don hovered about restlessly, whether in or out of the house, always bothered and anxious, and paying frequent visits to the barometer. The ladies clung to their fireside as if they had been in England; and I tied myself to Lizzie's apron-string with an abject alacrity that puzzled and charmed her. My opportunities for "improving the occasion" were many, but somehow I could never turn them to account. The pride of that little maiden was quite beyond my management. Lizzie threw us together; she left us alone; she did all that in her lay to further my desires for a reconciliation and an understanding; but the implacable resentment of the last of the Lindsays towards me for that wretched slip of the tongue was a stone wall I could not climb over. The worst of it was, she did and said nothing tangibly offensive; and I was precluded by all sorts of considerations from mentioning the subject we were both (and that we both knew we were) thinking of. So matters went on day after day. And before a great many days were past I was over head and ears in love—I may as well say it and have done with it—and began to feel desperate and dangerous. She walked about the house with her grand air, my Queen Marie Antoinette, my little tyrant that I could almost have demolished with a finger and thumb; and I, standing six feet three in my stockings, had to acknowledge that she was invincible as well as unmerciful. Unregenerate savage as I was, I had faint longings now and then to take her by those slender shoulders, and shake her.

There were times when she became her sweet self, and could not help it though she tried; and these times were born of music. She and I both loved music with that special love that Nature permits to a few people; but to no one else in the house did the "heaven-born maid" present attractions. Don, hard at work all day, could go to sleep after dinner in his arm-chair; and Lizzie, after her manner, could go out of the room in the middle of the most charming song. Then, when we were singing together, or when she was gentle and gracious with the spirit of melody in her, then was the oil thrown upon my troubled waters. At times such as these it flashed across me that she was aware of it.

At length on one of these occasions I made a dash at her guarded citadel; I will not say in what words, but with the blundering foolishness that I suppose characterizes all implied aspirations; albeit with sufficient plainness to leave no chance of being misunderstood; and then I had indeed to bite the dust for once in my life. She had been singing "Ruth" with the most touching pathos and abandonment—"Where thou goest I will go, and there will I be buried"—and I could not stand it. Don was in the room, but snoring in that comfortable undertone which denoted a sound and quiet slumber. She stood with her back to the piano, and the sheet of music trembling and rustling in her hands, watching his nodding head in the distance, and turning her delicate profile to my view.

"No; I will not," she half-whispered, with haughty rapidity. "You should have known I would not. I do not particularly want to marry anybody," she added, flashing round upon me with her crimson face; "but I will never marry you. I made up my mind to that long ago."

Everybody knows how, in the supremely solemn moments of one's life, one is apt to be assailed with most incongruously ludicrous ideas. In spite of my bitter mortification at her reply, an absurd rhyme that I had heard somewhere flashed into my head:

"Do not be like Nancy Baxter,  
Who refused a man before he'd axed her."

I believe she saw the ghost of a smile that might have hovered around my eyes when I begged to know why she had made up her mind never to marry me; and that made her savage.

"Because you think I came here to be made love to," she retorted, with all the concentrated contempt that her sweet face and voice could hold. "You think Lizzie and I have been plotting to catch you—you think we wanted to inveigle you into marrying me! I know what you are going to say"—as I rose and seized her hands, to stop her—"but it is not the truth. I heard you"—lifting her angry eyes, now wet with unshed tears, to mine—"I heard you, with my own ears, tell Don to warn Lizzie beforehand that you did not want to be married."

"I know you did," I replied, tightening my hold on her hands, while she made feeble efforts to get away; "and I wish my tongue had

been cut out before I could have insulted you and her like that. Forgive me, Rachel; I have been punished enough."

"I cannot," she answered, still panting with her excitement. "I should be ashamed of myself if I could take a man who had even thought of me like that."

Two tears began to trickle from her eyes, and a little hysterical catch in her breath betrayed to me that her defiant courage was failing her. I would not let her go. Love and shame and a resentful disappointment made me a little savage too.

"I never did think of you like that," I said, sternly; "and you know it. I must hold you till I clear myself—I cannot bear it—"

A log tumbled in the grate, and Don woke up. She caught away her hands and sped out of the room; and I walked through a French window into the cool Summer night, too full of wrath and love to speak to anybody.

This was how we stood when at last (on Saturday, the 18th of December) the true Christmas weather came, and we found ourselves in the hot afternoon alone on the croquet-lawn—alone for the first time since my stormy wooing was interrupted. Don being still busy in the sheep-yards and shearing-shed, I had been playing singly against Lizzie and her; and now Lizzie had been called away to the nursery to consult with a needle-woman who was at work there. We were both anxious (though for very different reasons) to leave off playing when our *chaperon* had departed; but it was not easy to do so in the middle of a game, especially as she had instructed her partner to play for both of them until she returned. So we knocked the balls about for a few minutes in embarrassed silence, and then had an altercation as to which hoop Lizzie had been through; and then we both got a little huffy, and played, first with indifference, and then with a malicious energy, which resulted at last in my sending her partner's ball into the thickest Portugal laurels in the shrubbery.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" I exclaimed, with compunction, as she solemnly marched off to look for it. "Let me find it for you."

"Do not trouble yourself," she replied, sharply; and immediately dashed in between the laurel and a very prickly rose-bush, whose long sprays caught her muslin dress and tore it. I saw her straw-hat amongst the big, dark branches, and her little hand searching under them for a moment or two; then she started up suddenly with a quick cry, and bounded into the path again.

"What is the matter? Have you hurt yourself?" I asked, anxiously.

Her hat fell to the ground, and she stood before me with the blazing sun on her pretty head, and a wide-eyed horror in her face. "Wait a minute for me!" she panted breathlessly; "I want you to help me—I have been bitten." Before I could collect my senses to understand what she meant, she had sped like a flash of light into the house; and dashing into the laurel-bush, I saw what had happened. A big black snake was gliding away from the spot where she had been kneeling.

What was to be done? I stood still for a moment, paralyzed; then I sent up a hurried prayer for help, and simultaneously "cooeyed" three or four times with all the force of a powerful pair of lungs, for Don at the wool-shed. Then I hurried after her, and met her coming through the door of my brother's dressing-room with one of his razors in her hand. Her face was white and set as she seized my hand and hurried me into the smoking-room, which was near us, and turned the key in the lock. I knew what she wanted; and I set my teeth in an agony that no words could express, and which I can never think of now without a shudder.

"Look!" she said, piteously, with a little sob in her throat; and I looked, and saw one of the fingers of her left hand tied round tightly with a piece of string below the first joint, and the end of it already livid and swollen and showing the unmistakable punctures of the snake's fangs. She laid her other hand on my arm, and looked up at me with a beseeching face that nearly unmanned me.

"Help me!" she whispered, eagerly; "now—now; before the others come!" And she held out the razor, open and shining. "It is no use to suck it—it only wastes time," as I seized her finger and put it in my mouth. "Don't, don't! I want to be on the safe side. I don't want to die! Oh, pray, pray help me!"—now sobbing passionately—"or else I must try to do it myself. I won't cry out; I won't mind it. I will turn my head away." She laid her finger on the edge of the table, and I took the razor from her, and with all the courage I could muster, excised the wounded part. She bore the cruel operation without a murmur.

An hour afterwards the commotion in the house was over, but the shadow of death was on it. Rachel was in her bed, white and faint and breathing heavily, twitching with weak fingers at the bedclothes, and staring with dull eyes into the sad faces around her. I knelt in my room close by with my head on my outspread arms, weeping like a child as if my heart would break, and listening to the creaking of the doctor's boots and the whisking of skirts and whispering of awed voices on the other side of the thin wall. There was nothing else that I was privileged to do, now that I had done that dreadful thing which they told me might be the saving of her precious life.

As the twilight fell, the voices in the sick-room took a louder and more cheerful tone; and presently one of them called softly: "Jerry, I want you." Lizzie met me in the passage with a tremulous, tear-stained, smiling face. "The doctor says she will be all right now, and that she has to thank you for it," she whispered. "Don't stay here any longer; go and have a cigar with Don."

I seized her hand and kissed it, and looked at her with my wet eyes full of foolish emotion, too glad for speech; and the brightening intelligence of her countenance was curious to note. "I thought you didn't care for each other," she said, archly; "but," she added, dryly, "I suppose I was mistaken."

"Don't suppose anything, Lizzie, there's a



good girl. But let me know when I may see her," I replied, earnestly.

"All right—I understand—I'll let you know," she said, nodding her head vigorously with an air of mystery and importance; and then I went, not to have a cigar with Don, but to walk about the dark garden alleys, alone with my thoughts.

Our patient improved steadily all night, so much so that the family assembled at breakfast as usual. Then a great hunt was made for the snake (at Lizzie's instigation, on the children's behalf), which lasted a long while and was wholly unsuccessful. Then church-time came, and the buggy was ordered to take the servants and the little girls to church; and the hot day wore on. Towards evening, as I was loafing about the garden, Lizzie came running across the croquet-lawn—where the balls and mallets were still lying about as we had left them, though it was Sunday—and told me that Rachel was up and dressed, and that she chanced to be alone in the drawing-room.

I stole in to her in the twilight, with my heart beating fast; and for a few moments she did not notice me. She was standing by the open piano, small and white and weak, with a shawl wrapped round her, gazing at the silent keyboard, with tears running down her face. No one could look less like Delaroché's Marie Antoinette than she looked then.

I took three long steps and reached her side; she gave a great start and turned round to meet me. "I shall not again be able to play to you for a long while!" she said, looking up at me, for sympathy in this new trouble, with her soft, wet eyes.

When she said that—instead of making me the little speech I had expected, thanking me, for saving her life—I put out my arms. And though we said no word, we forgave one another.

And how pleased Lizzie was when she saw the last of the Lindseys transferred to my unworthy self.

## ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

### THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

#### WESTWARD TO SACRAMENTO.

FROM Cape Horn to Colfax there is little break in the grandeur of the scenery, even when its culmination is passed with the rounding of Cape Horn. There is still an endless succession of mighty precipices and deep, green gorges, and mountain walls that tower up to prop the domes of the snow peaks; or, turning from the distant views, there is another fascination in the riotous luxuriance of foliage that crowds all the foreground—such glossy masses of green, broad, shady leafage, and hanging bells of flowers and soft grass, like that in Dante's Vision of Paradise, "brighter than emeralds newly broken." For the last patch of snow has disappeared, and like the pioneers in Whit-tier's rhyme, we have

—left the Winter at our backs  
To flap his baffled wing,  
And downward with the cataracts  
Leaped to the lap of Spring."

It was full-blown Summer, however, which we found at Colfax, where we rushed into a real June morning, with the sun an hour high above the forest-clothed foothills. It was a bright, pretty little place altogether, and seemed exquisite in our eyes because of the green grass and shade-trees, to the absence of which our eyes had been so long accustomed. Then there was an army of little boys waiting to pounce upon us as soon as we alighted, each little boy holding up temptation in the shape of strawberries and ripe cherries, or a big bouquet of blue lupines and flaming California poppies—and nobody could keep a "bit" in his or her pocket in the face of such lures as these. We walked up and down the platform and ate strawberries *au naturel*, and peeped into the baggage-car at a precious freight come down with us from Virginia City—bars of solid silver for the mint at San Francisco; and then, while the rest of our fellow-men were paying their debts to the neat little hotel dining-room, we strayed across the track and up a side-hill to a tiny village of Chinese huts, huddled away by themselves, as well they might be. They were the dreariest little dark holes imaginable; mere frame shanties set in a row, with a single room each, into which, in most cases, were crowded closely eight or ten breakfasting Chinamen. One of these dens was a butcher's shop as well as a dwelling-place; and most horrible to see was the array of meat, cooked and otherwise—great chunks, hacked indiscriminately from the animal, and whole halves of roasted swine hung up by the heels, to be served piecemeal to customers. Three or four men were busy in this foul and most evil-smelling retreat—some cutting up the meat, and one stringing unsavory-looking fragments of an unknown nature upon long straws. Next door we peeped into a close, dark little room at a party of a dozen Celestials crowded round a table, eating with chopsticks from bowls of rice, and drinking tea from the most seductive little dark-blue cups. Nobody seemed offended at our curiosity, and no one scowled in response to our stares—only a bland stare in return from the many pairs of slanting black orbs, and a good deal of cackling in Chinese as we turned to go away.

Leaving Colfax, we sped down through the foothills to the broad green plain of the Sacramento Valley. Near this point we first see the round clumps of magnolia sprinkled through the hillside foliage, and clearly distinguished from it by its glossy dark leaves and the rich deep crimson of its low-twisted stems, as smooth and shining as if varnished. The coloring of the whole landscape has grown strangely brilliant; the sky is like a great hollowed sapphire; the tossing sea of foliage runs through every shade of vivid green, and the soil along the roadside and in the cleared spaces is a warm rich ochry red. Through all this flush of color, however, we look away over a sober level of plain below us, and a great wide gray-green flat, whose boundary line is a misty purple range of mountains lying against the far western horizon—this is the Valley of the Sacramento, and those are the Contra Costa Hills, on whose far slope beats the white surf-line of the Pacific. We are almost at our journey's end, and each little town which we reach reminds us more vividly of it; they are so widely different from the "cities" of the plains, and the whole landscape is so rapidly losing the savage character of its beauty, and

toning itself down into a picture of Arcadia. There are pretty little glimpses of white houses sheltered in trees, great masses of flowering shrubbery, and shady roads, traversed perhaps by a horseman who sits as if grown fast to his flying mustang; long low white stations near the track, and cozy little two-story hotels, and a church-steeple here and there, and gardens where vines and flowers are seen once more, and great luxuriant red roses revel in the sunshine—nay, at Newcastle, we even catch a glimpse of an orange-tree growing strong and vigorous in the open air. At Pino we pass the last straggling outposts of the great pine forest that clothes the Sierras; Rocklin and Junction and Antelope are left behind us, and we are fairly upon the great level of the valley. Then there are no more rocky bluffs and wild green gorges, and great gray boulders towering above the road-bed—nothing but softly rounded slopes, and long, flat stretches of grassy country, dotted like a park with clumps of wide-armed shady trees. The first settlers in the valley found these plains overgrown with wild oats, nodding above their horses' heads as they pushed through; and now, instead of grass, almost all the Californian meadows bring forth "volunteer" crops of oats or barley, sown through and through with wild flowers wonderful to behold in their masses of gorgeous color.

And now the Sacramento River comes in sight, crossing the green plain lazily, and in ten minutes we are running into Sacramento City. The train stops under a long arcade, gay with little refreshment-booths and lunch-counters, and crowded with people, without whose limits stands in waiting a long line of hacks and "busses," with the broad sunny main street for a background. Straightway we rush from our car to one of the said hacks, and, having half an hour before us wherein to see the sights of the town, in less than five minutes we are rattling over an uneven pavement, through a blaze of semi-tropical sunshine and a cloud of dust up K Street.

Shall we ever forget that half-hour in Sacramento? Under that blue midsummer sky, in that clear atmosphere and soft, bracing, flower-scented air, it seems to us the very most delectable spot that man might ever call home. It looks so quaint and foreign, with its low, wide buildings and wooden arcades, its great, broad sunny streets and planked sidewalks, and then the white and yellow adobe houses, the delicious little detached cottages, each half buried in its lovely crowded garden, where the stiff, dark evergreens are all clipped into fantastic shapes, and huge rose-trees run wild with masses of flowers, scarlet and snowy-white and golden—where every porch and veranda is a bower of yellow-starred jasmine or pale-purple passion-flowers, and the aloes grow thirty feet high, and throw up great spikes of dull-white blossoms, and the tall prickly cactus shoots out its fleshy lobes side by side with the poplar and the elm, and the palm-trees grow next-door neighbors with the walnut of our Eastern woods. Oh, there never were such homes and such gardens as we see in Sacramento! The whole city is like a wonderful bouquet, and the air we breathe is sweet with the mingled fragrance of all its flowers. Every street down which we whirl is shadier and prettier and more picturesque than the last, and every cottage just a little more enticing to eyes that have looked at the bare Plains and the savage mountain-passes for so many days.

But there is another side to Sacramento, too. There are business streets and ugly brick stores which come into our *coup d'œil*; long rows of "business blocks" not a whit more interesting in themselves than those of other cities, but transfigured to us nevertheless through the medium of glorious sunshine and soft air. We pass the Court House and the College, and all sorts of "Halls,"—Pioneers and Odd Fellows and Masonic and the like—churches and school-houses, and the handsome half-granite, half-brick, Capitol, standing in its terraced park; take a fleeting glimpse of a very dirty Chinese quarter and some attractive Chinese bazaars, with windows crowded full of an imaginable wealth in the way of curios; pass the comfortable-looking brick hotels, with their wide verandas and porticoes generously sheltering the whole sidewalk, and then we are back at the depot again. We have just time to run from the carriage to the cars and swing ourselves aboard, and then the long train starts in its dignified and noiseless fashion, and we glide out of Sacramento City on our way westward, to see the sun set this very day behind the Golden Gate.

### GIGANTIC ICEBERG ENCOUNTERED BY A STEAMSHIP IN MID-OCEAN.

THE good ship represented in our illustration was homeward bound. The weather had been superb, and everything indicated a speedy arrival in port; pools were made upon the run, and the knowing ones predicted the shortest passage on record. Suddenly a strange chill made itself manifest—a chill that sent passengers to stoves and to huddle around the heated smokestack. Down went the mercury with a jump, and the dread word iceberg crept from mouth to mouth like a ghastly spectre. How many a ship has gone to her doom as with a crash she has plunged into one of these mountains of ice that roam about the ocean like monsters in search of prey? A shudder came over the passengers and the crew looked grave, while the captain and officers kept ever scanning the offing with expectant and anxious eyes. A storm may be weathered. It is a bold enemy, who approaches with mighty din of battle, and whose assaults may be beaten off; but the white and silent foe that steals noiselessly upon its victims is one to dread with an uttermost dread. The captain and crew slept not on that night, and but few of the passengers were successfully wooed by the drowsy god. Every one was on the alert, for death and doom might leap upon them at any moment. The night was pitch dark, the cold intense, and as the vessel throbbed onwards no man could say when her bows would crash against a wall of ice stern and unyielding as adamant itself. The day dawned,—a glorious day—a fog which had hung over the ship lifted itself like the veil of a beautiful bride, revealing the rosy and blushing cheeks of the early morn. There, right in front of the ship, not two hundred yards away, not so far but that a few revolutions of the screw would have sent the vessel plunging against it, stood a gigantic iceberg, yawning, stretching forth its glittering arms to enfold her in a death embrace. Hands were clinched, teeth were set, breaths remained undrawn until the hoarse, quick order of "Hard a starboard" had been complied with, and the vessel had swung round and off the course that led to utter annihilation. Then did all on board gaze with fascinated wonder at the magnitude of the danger that had been passed, gaze in thankfulness for so providential an escape from destruction on the deep. The flashing rays of the rising sun lighted its peaks and sky-line with rose-colored tints, with a *bonnet* that no'er was on sea or land, while the

whiteness of its towering and castellated walls dazzled from their purity. It stood fully three hundred feet high, leaning over the ship like an island of crystal in mid ocean.

### The Bamboo in Annam.

THIS Eastern kingdom possesses immense forests, which contain many sorts of trees capable of supplying the most valuable wood. The vegetable production most esteemed by the poor and oppressed people is unquestionably the bamboo. Every house and village, from the seashore to the mountains, is furnished with its belt of this reed, and, to judge from the manifold usages to which it is applied, they have by no means a superabundance. The young shoots are eaten as a vegetable; the natives make of it paper, string, and cord, trellis-work, textile fabrics for dress and all other domestic purposes, baskets, maps, and partitions; they construct of it boats, and utensils for cooking which will stand fire, pipes, and pipe-stems; boxes and coffers lacquered, of great solidity and very elegant; they form their hats of it, and the best arms of the country are bamboo clubs; its horns and thick hedge are the strongest defenses of the dwellings, and portions of it are sharpened and driven into the ground in front of the fortresses to form stockades, and every soldier on service is bound to be furnished with a certain provision of such pieces; sonorous instruments are made from it for signals, as well as bridges to cross torrents, and finally houses are built with it. From the above enumeration some idea may be formed of the quantity required by a population numbering between thirty and forty millions.

### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

#### The Warfare of the Future.

Every one remembers the important part played by balloons during the siege of Paris, but then they were merely used for the purpose of conveying intelligence from the beleaguered city to other parts of France. In the present application the balloon is designed to be an engine of offense. The drawing in the foreground represents the poop of a gunboat, from which, by means of the telephone, an officer is adjusting the position of the balloon. A sailor holds the winch of a drum, round which is coiled the wire by which the balloon is held captive, and which is provided with dials indicating distances. From the balloon hangs its "dejectile," charged with five hundred pounds weight of dynamite, the balloon itself being inflated by compressed hydrogen. The vessel is out of range of the doomed fort in the background upon which the captive balloon is about to drop its deadly weapon. At a thousand feet above the ground the balloon would be safe from shot or shell, possibly it would be invisible, wrapped in a cloud, or in the darkness of the night. It would be little affected by the explosion of the dejectile, as, on the latter being released, the balloon would spring upwards and outwards.

#### The Loss of the "Eurydice."

Although the divers have made several descents, and cleared away some portion of the rigging, very little has yet been done towards raising the wreck of the *Eurydice*, owing to the winds and high tides which have prevailed. The body of Lieutenant Tabor has been interred at Cheam, and that of the Seaman Bennett at Haslar Cemetery, with full naval honors. No other bodies have yet been found, but the Lords of the Admiralty have directed a reward of £2 for each one recovered, and the whole of the funeral expenses will likewise be defrayed by the Government. At last accounts the ship itself had shifted its position in consequence of the heavy swell of the sea, and lays more on her keel than on her bilge. At the request of the naval authorities of Portsmouth, the Lord Mayor of London has opened a fund for the benefit of the bereaved relatives.

#### Russian Soldiers Entering San Stefano. Cutlass Drill on a British Ironclad.

On Sunday, March 24th, the Grand Duke Nicholas established his headquarters at San Stefano, with a force of 12,000 men of the Russian Imperial Guard. This pretty place is situated on the shore of the Sea of Marmora, and in a little bay of its own. It was considered refreshingly clean and bright by the Russians after their experience in Bulgaria; while the excellent facilities afforded for sea-bathing, and wild-duck, quail and woodcock shooting in its neighborhood made it quite an elysium. It is very pleasant to watch the glimmer of the sunshine over the Sea of Marmora, with Mount Olympus in the misty distance. Numerous boats and caques give animation to the scene close at hand, and picturesque groups of Cossacks bathing their horses are continually seen. General Ignatieff inhabits a pretty villa, whose walls are washed by the waves, and from the windows of which the minarets of Saint Sophia are plainly visible. While everything of a Russian character was comparatively quiet when our illustration was made, scenes of considerable excitement were being enacted but a short distance from the shore, where several British men-of-war were riding at anchor. The crew and marines were being subjected to a daily drill in manipulating the huge guns of the ironclads, in cutlass exercise and the countless branches of the naval curriculum. Happily thus far Great Britain has not had occasion to fire a single shot.

#### Funeral of the Archduke of Austria.

The Archduke Francis Charles, the father of the Emperor of Austria, who died at Vienna on March 8th, at the age of seventy-seven, was the younger brother of the late Emperor Ferdinand, upon whose abdication he renounced the right of succession to the throne in favor of his son, the present Emperor. On the second day after his demise, at ten o'clock at night, the body was carried from the Imperial apartments in the Castle to the Church of St. Augustin, where it was laid out in State. At the head of the procession, which is depicted in our engraving, walked three of the court attendants bearing the heart and the viscera, which had been embalmed. Next came the officiating priest, who was followed by six domestics carrying the body upon a bier, upon each side of which marched soldiers of the Archery Corps, the Hungarian Guard, and the halberdiers of the Guard, and several selected men from the mounted police. The way was lighted by torches borne by a number of court pages, and in the rear of the procession walked the mourning relatives of the deceased. This ceremony was quite private, but on the following day thousands of people flocked to the church to see the body as it lay in state, and on the 11th the funeral was performed with all the observances of ancient custom, the heart being left in charge of the monks of St. Augustin, and the viscera taken to the Church of St. Stephen, while the body itself was deposited in the Imperial crypt of the Capuchin Church.

#### British "Horse Marines" in the Streets of Pera.

"A sailor on horseback" has become almost a proverbial saying to designate the very reverse of grace and ease; and, as a rule, gallant tars are not seen at their best when besiding even the most quiet and

peaceable steed. Still it is difficult even for the most accomplished horseman to appear completely at his ease when descending the steep hill of the Tekke, a continuation of the Grande Rue de Pera, which leads from that aristocratic quarter of Embassies and Europeans down to the water-edge of the Golden Horn. Horses and sedan-chairs, however, form almost the only means of locomotion in Constantinople for non-pedestrians, and the little street-horses which are to be found waiting for hire at every street-corner are one of the chief out-door features of the City of the Sultan. As a rule, they are handsome little animals, sure-footed as mules amid the ruts and boulders of the execrably-paved streets, and capable, when necessary, of a trot or gallop at a pretty good pace, their grooms or owners keeping even with them the whole time, armed with a formidable switch ready to be brought into use should the animal display the slightest disposition to slacken its pace.

### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—NORTH CAROLINA will build a new mansion for her Governor.

—THE North Carolina rivers have just been stocked with salmon.

—DURING March Philadelphia exported domestic goods to the value of \$4,134,132.

—INDIANS will be taught at the Hampton (Va.) Normal School. The experiment will be interesting.

—NEW ORLEANS mourns because since 1871 the custom receipts have decreased more than \$4,000,000.

—SINCE Savannah announced her determination to put tramps to work they have given her a wide berth.

—As an evidence of the hard times it is reported that Texas lynchings recently hung two men on the same rope.

—FRESH arrangements have been made by the Government of India to prosecute the search for Sanscrit manuscripts.

—UNDER the new Bill fifteen additional life-saving stations will be erected this Summer on the North Carolina coast.

—THE Exhibition of Fine Arts, which was to have taken place in Bombay during April, has been postponed until December.

—It speaks well for the Turks as marksmen that it is estimated that one Russian in every six has been killed or wounded.

—SOME of the large cotton counties in Mississippi are trying to prevent or restrict the exportation of cotton-seed from their borders.

—A MACON (Ga.) man has invented a three-toothed saw that turns out the lumber perfectly planed and ready for the carpenter and painter.

—THE Polytechnical Society of London pronounces the scheme for connecting Berlin with the sea feasible. Berlin is about 105 feet above the level of the Baltic.

—DURING the packing-season of 1877-8 Chicago packed 2,501,000 hogs, or more than all other large packing centres combined. Cincinnati put up only 632,000 head.

—THE General Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church is announced to meet in Newark, N. J., May 8th. Including those in England, this church has now six bishops.

—ALL the international difficulties in regard to St. Gothard Tunnel have been finally removed by the treaty, and the great work will be uninterruptedly pushed forward to completion.

—JAPAN is the only country where bird-lime is regularly manufactured on a large scale, the principal tree from which it is made being a dark evergreen growing on the mountains in the south.

—As showing the cost of labor in Europe, the rate of wages paid on certain railroad works of the same class was: In Portugal, \$1.45 a week; in Ireland, \$2.20; in France, \$2.90; and in England, \$5.30.

—DURING the last four months Ceylon has been visited by a succession of floods, which have caused great destruction of property, and seriously impaired the prospects of the coming coffee crop.

—MR. THOMAS JESSOP, a Sheffield manufacturer, is about to hand over to the Woman's Hospital in that town, for the purpose of charity, a block of buildings which had been erected at a cost of \$150,000.

—Iowa is in the happy condition of having no debt. This remarkable exemption from the prevailing characteristic of the time is due to the fact that the contracting of a debt is prohibited by the constitution.

—IN 1877 there were 2,909,677 electors in Great Britain and Ireland, or more than one in twelve of the population. There are about 9,000,000 qualified voters in this country, or one in five of the population.

—THE districts which were flooded in 1876 in the jurisdictions of Cardenas and Colon, Cuba, are again partially inundated in consequence of the late unseasonable rains, and many plantations are suffering heavily thereby.

—THE ladies of Warrenton, Va., have organized a society for the payment of the State debt. The idea is to get every woman in the State to join, the initiation fee to be twenty-five cents and a monthly contribution.

—FRESH salmon, packed in ice, having reached Sydney and other Australian ports from San Francisco in a perfect state of preservation, the experiment will be shortly tried of sending salmon in a similar way to the English markets.

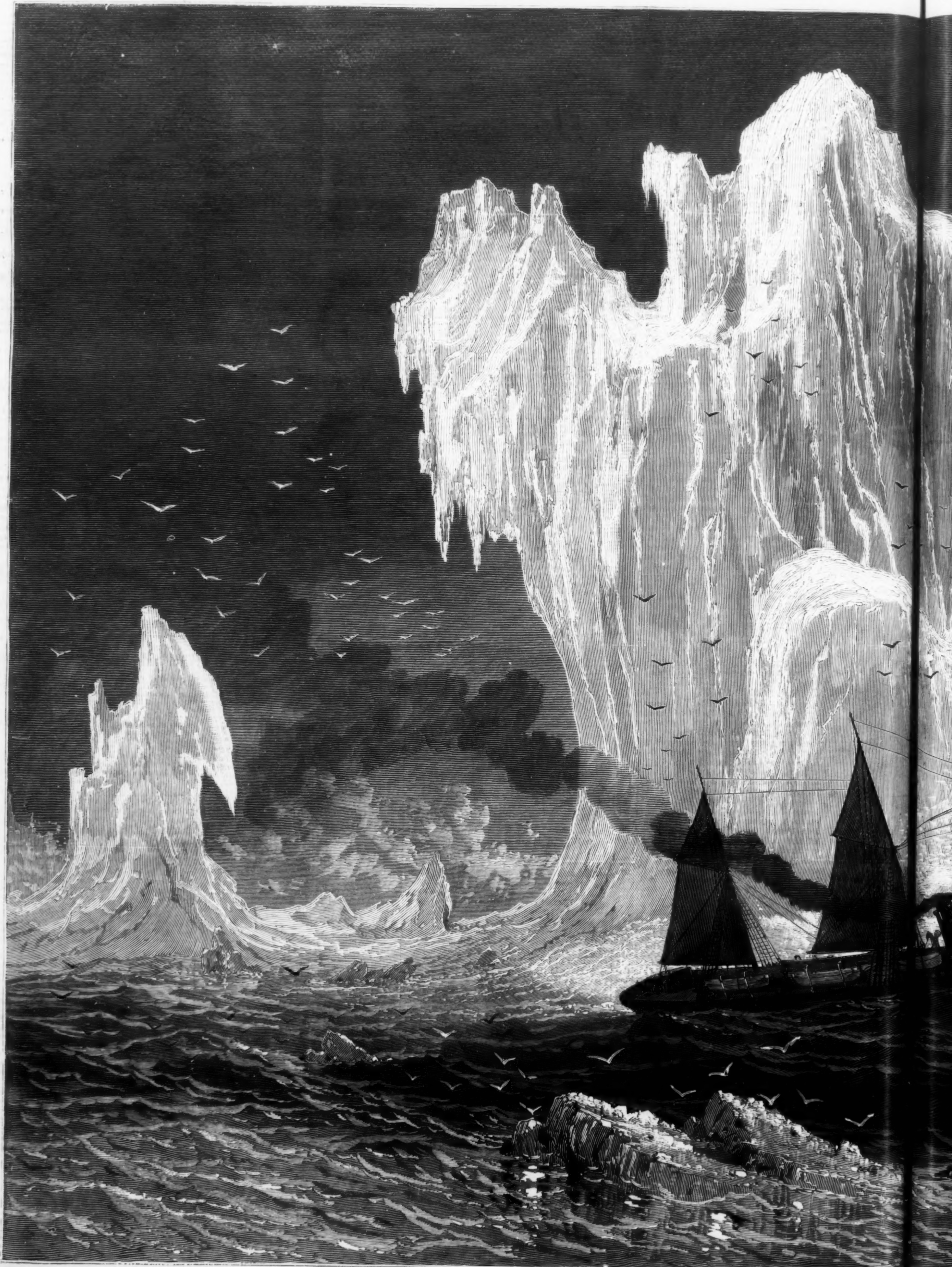
—THE negroes are to hold a convention in Charlotte, N. C., on the 16th of September next, the object of which is to petition the law making powers of the country to restore the whipping-post for stealing and other grievous offenses.

—THERE are in Russia 1,623,591 factories and industrial establishments working with five and less men, and 43,513 employing from five to fifty hands. In these 1,667,104 establishments together there are employed 3,625,918 men and 378,959 women.

—IRON is the currency of the iron regions of East Tennessee, the metal being worked up into bars, half a dozen of which can easily be carried upon the shoulder. When a man wants shoes, clothing, coffee, sugar, or any or all domestic articles, he shoulders the bars of iron which have been given him in exchange for his labor, goes to a merchant and gets them.

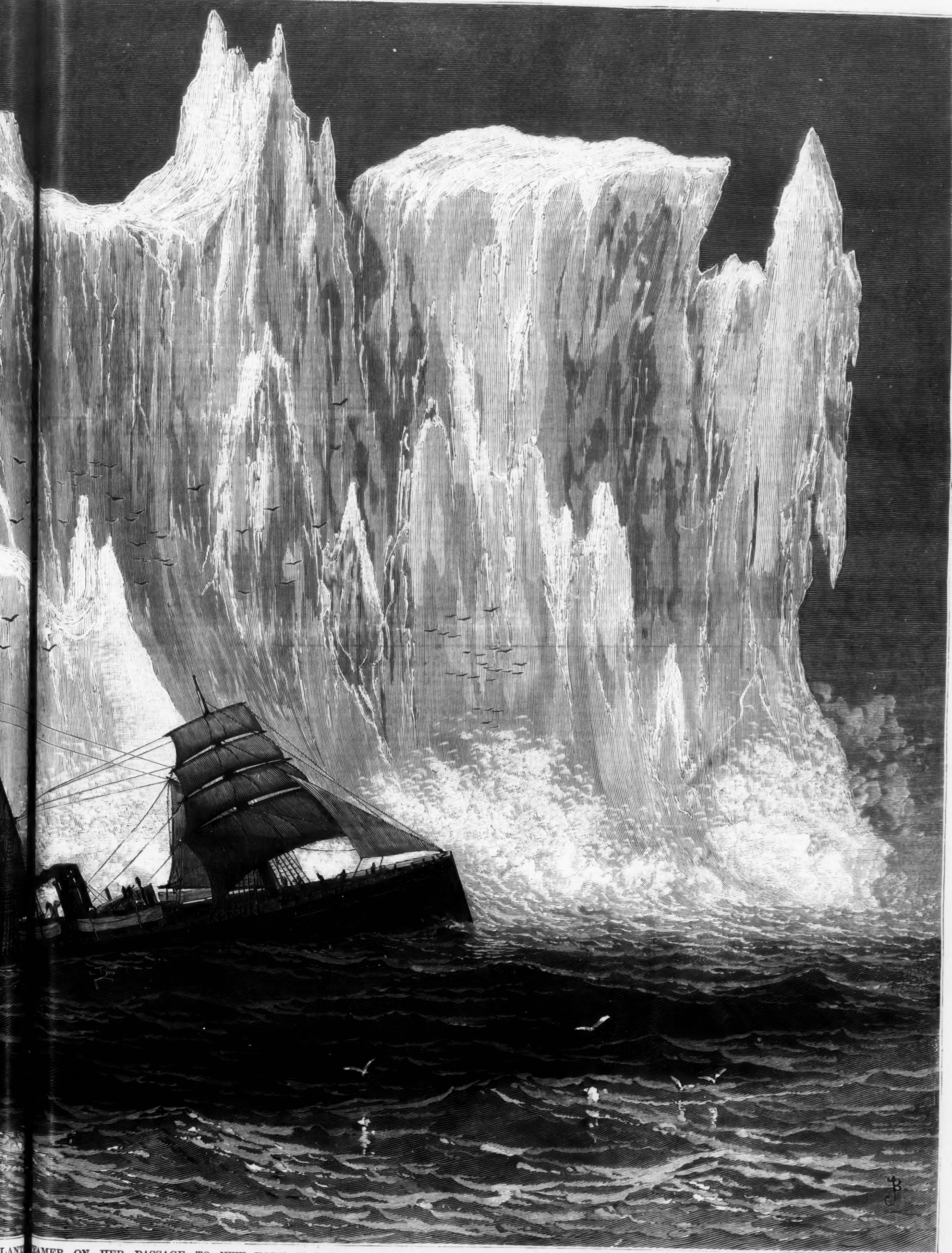
—It is likely that the old style of placer-mining will be extensively revived in California this season. There are 10,000 idle men in San Francisco without a prospect of soon getting employment at living wages. An immense fall of rain in the mountains has made it possible to work many gulches not usually available. The unemployed men are going to these places in large numbers, and by Summer the entire 10,000 will be scattered in abandoned and new diggings.





THE PERILS OF THE SEA.—A GIGANTIC ICEBERG ENCOUNTERED IN MID-OCEAN BY A TRANSATLANTIC STEAMER.





LANE STEAMER ON HER PASSAGE TO NEW YORK, MARCH 9TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. C. CULBERTSON, JR.—SEE PAGE 143.



## WHIST.

LOOKING backward down the ages,  
Through the dust of rolling years,  
Gleaming bright against a background  
Dark with tumult, toil, and fears,  
Grateful glimpses as of firelight  
Shining out through chilling mist,  
Catch we of that care-dispelling,  
Rare, time-honored game of whist

Dim the legends and traditions  
That surround its natal hour;  
Whence, like some bright streamlet flowing,  
Making e'er its banks to flower,  
It hath rippled on unfailing,  
Cheering many a way-worn heart  
That hath sought a brief refreshment  
From the world's fierce strife apart.

Ever loved by sage and scholar,  
Sought by men of weary brain,  
It alike, at cot or castle,  
Still doth favorite remain;  
With its mellow, genial presence,  
It hath stood the crucial test;  
Peerless, 'mid a host of rivals,  
It doth wear the victor's crest.

V. E. COLLINS.

## THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

By E. J. CURTIS,

AUTHOR OF "A SONG IN THE TWILIGHT," AND  
"KATHLEEN'S REVENGE."

## PART SECOND.

## CHAPTER XIII.

AND now I am quite aware that to all intents and purposes my simple story is finished, and that you all know what is to come as well as I do myself. But just as in a play, when the last act is drawing to a close, all the actors group themselves to make their last speeches, and the heroine sinks into her lover's arms, and the once stony-hearted father blesses the happy pair, and the villain of the piece glowers upon the blissful scene; after which all the company take hands, and go gracefully backwards, bowing as the curtain falls. So my hero and heroine must embrace; my father must bless, and my villain—but I have no villain, properly speaking—before I can venture to dismiss my audience, and lay down my pen.

With a light heart, Rachel found herself in the train, speeding from London to W—. How she had been pining, she alone knew, for fresh country air, and for flowers, and for green grass, instead of dusty, noisy streets; and above all, how she had been longing for the sight of her friend's kind face.

"At last!" she said, as, the journey over, she was fondly embraced by Miss Russell upon the platform at W—. "Oh, you do not know how I have longed to see you again!"

"Something told me that you would not refuse me this time," replied Eleanor; "but how pale you look, dear. Has it been very hot in town?"

"It has been stifling! I could neither eat nor sleep. Do you know, the night before your letter came, I had made up my mind to write to know if you would have me, even for a week? Was it not strange? But how well you are looking, dear granny! What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Nothing particular; nursing an invalid friend, whom I have with me at the Lodge at present; so you will not have me all to yourself, Rachel."

"Oh, is she going to stay long? I hope she is not a bad invalid. I want to have you all to myself; but never mind, I shall see you every day, if there were fifty invalids. How exactly the same the old town looks. There is the old gingerbread woman sitting in the very same spot under the barrack wall, and I shouldn't wonder if she had the same cakes in her basket. You have got a Highland regiment now, I see."

"Yes, the Ninth, and the young ladies have all gone tartan mad. I saw four bonnets in church last Sunday, trimmed with the Gordon plaid. I suppose you mean to astonish us country folk with some pretty London fashions. By-the-way, Julia Fairfax is going to be married to a German baron or count, or serene highness, whom she met last Winter in Rome."

"And I read Miss Rokeby's marriage to Mr. Ruthven, in the *Times*, about a month ago," said Rachel, "so that two of the W— belles are disposed of. But here we are at the dear old Lodge, and it looks as pretty as ever. Oh, what flowers! It is so long since I have seen a real country flower."

"Now, dear," said Miss Russell, as they came in, "your room is the one next to mine. You know it; go and take off your hat, and then we can have some luncheon. You are not to see my invalid, however, just yet, so do not be frightened."

Miss Russell had been struck by the marked change and improvement in Rachel's appearance when they had met at the station; but when she came down without her hat and mantle, she was positively startled. Could that tall, graceful girl with the perfectly molded figure, whose every movement was dignity and grace, be the same pretty, engaging, but unformed little creature who had captivated Harry Vaughan with her sweet childish beauty two years before?

She had been fascinating then in her innocent simplicity. She was doubly fascinating now, for the books she had studied during her quiet lonely life had added to her many attractions the attraction of a cultivated mind.

She had learned that "to suffer and be strong" did not mean, as some people interpreted the saying, being strong in nothing except making moan over what might have been, and what was, but meant in the truest and fullest sense, doing her duty where God had placed her, not "walking upon the shadows of hills across a level thrown, and panting like a climber," but taking her life as it came, the rough and the smooth together. That she was not always able to repress her inclination to rebel and to murmur, I have before explained, but upon the whole she had behaved very well, and now she was going to have her reward.

"Rachel, dear, you have eaten positively nothing," said Miss Russell, to her young guest that same day at dinner. "I have been watching you, and all my little delicacies appear quite thrown away. It is fortunate for my cook that I have an invalid in the house to appreciate her dainties—are you quite well?"

"Quite well, thank you, but I feel a little tired sometimes, as if I should like a long rest. I am sure the change will soon make me quite like myself again. I often feel so at home, feel tired I mean—she had grown to regard the dingy little house at Brompton as "home"—"to tell you the truth I have not enough to do, not enough of stirring work. I read, sometimes all day long, until my head begins to buzz like that poor Mrs. Wragg's in 'No Name'!"

"And what do you call stirring work?"

"Giving lessons would be stirring enough for me; you need not shake your head at me, granny. I am thinking seriously of having pupils next Winter."

"I do not think you will have anything of the kind," replied Miss Russell, in her decided way; "you are not fit for such drudgery as teaching, dear," she added, looking admiringly at the beautiful girl before her; "and now I must leave you for a while. I have my invalid to look after, and you may lie down and rest, or read, or sing—I had the piano tuned for you yesterday; or do anything you like."

"Who is this abominable invalid of yours?" cried Rachel. "Who on earth is she, and why has she come here just now, to take up my granny's time?"

"Your granny is very fond of her poor invalid," replied Miss Russell, laying her hand affectionately upon Rachel's shoulder, "and so will you, too, when you come to know each other by-and-by."

"Never! I have begun —"

"With a little aversion," very well—we shall see. I shall expect to hear one of your sweet songs presently, and my invalid will —"

"I will not listen!" cried Rachel, playfully stopping her ears. Miss Russell laughed and vanished.

Rachel went into the drawing-room alone, and wandered about looking at favorite books and pictures, and noting what changes had been made in the pretty room since she had seen it last.

It was full of associations for her. There was the carved ebony paper-knife with which Harry used to play while he read aloud for her and Miss Russell—all the most beautiful passages in Byron and Tennyson were connected in her mind with that little toy! There was the album in which he had sketched the caricatures which had amused them so much. She opened the book and went over the drawings, one by one. Beside it there was a photographic album, in which she knew she should find a likeness of the artist, and, unable to resist the temptation, she opened it, and presently came upon Harry leaning upon a broken column, and frowning savagely. "I wonder granny keeps such a thing in her album!" was the young lady's indignant comment as she clasped the book again.

The next thing she came upon was a little ornamental egg-shaped shell, mounted in ormolu, opening with a spring, and holding tiny perfume bottles; of this Harry had always expressed a great horror, and Miss Russell used to declare he was always trying to break it. And there was the little French clock upon the chimney-piece, the face of which he used to cover at night, that Miss Russell might not notice how late it was growing, and turn him out. There was not a book or an ornament in the room which had not some connection, intimate or remote, with Vaughan; and poor Rachel began to fear that she had scarcely done wisely to put herself in the way of being reminded of him daily and hourly, as she must be at the Lodge.

At length she lay down upon a sofa by one of the open windows, and looking out on the pretty garden, she inhaled with pleasure the perfume of the flowers, and sighed a deep sigh of contentment. It was so delicious to be away from dusty, stifling London! The house was very quiet, and she presently fell fast asleep, and when she awoke she was surprised to find that the sun had some time set, and that the room was in semi-darkness.

She got up and went to the piano. It was the hour she best loved music, although its influence was scarcely so soothing as it might have been in broad daylight. She played some chords, and ran her fingers dreamily over the keys, as if undecided what to sing; then abruptly she began that touching ballad of Miss Edwards, "Many a time and oft," which Madame Dolby's singing has made so justly popular.

As she began the second verse she heard the door behind her, which led into the hall, open and close, but she went on singing. She was even conscious that a step came softly up the room, and when her voice had died away, after singing with a pathos that was more than touching, the last words of the refrain, "Oh, many a time! many a time and oft!" she turned, expecting to see Miss Russell; but, instead, she saw a figure which was only too familiar and too dear. In the dim light she caught the beseeching, adoring glance of two honest blue eyes; she heard the sweet, well-remembered voice whisper the one word, "Rachel."

She never knew how it all came about, but it seemed as if no questions were asked or answered before she found herself clasped in Harry's strong arms, while he murmured, "At last you have come to me, my own darling, my wife!"

There was no more singing after that, and the long twilight which, in July, takes the place of darkness, had set in before those two happy creatures remembered that there was any one in the world except themselves.

"And how could you say that you did not love me that day?" Harry had asked, reproachfully; "don't you know, darling, that it is not right to tell stories?"

"I did not say it," she had retorted, triumphantly. "You did not give me time; you interrupted me before I could finish my sentence, and then you went off like a flash of lightning. The clap you gave the hall-door shook the whole street, I think, and it was very rude of you to interrupt me, sir!" she added, looking up at him with her beautiful eyes, radiant with a happy light. "Be-

sides, how could you tell what I was going to say? Perhaps I wasn't going to say No, after all."

And then oaths and expletives—i.e., endearments and caresses—from Harry, and so on Da capo, *ad infinitum*, until the door—the lovers had forgotten the existence of doors—opened, and Miss Russell came in, carrying a lamp.

"Where are you, Rachel? Oh, what do I see? Miss Scott in the embrace of a stalwart soldier!" as the girl rose, blushing and laughing.

"Now, child, who was right? Did I not tell you that you would be very fond of my invalid? Not that there is much of the sick list about you now, Harry."

"Was it really Harry? You said 'she.'"

"You said 'she.' I took great care to be strictly impersonal in my pronouns. But now, if you have said enough to one another for the present, we will have some tea. I know Harry ate no dinner; he was far too much excited to think about such a commonplace thing as dinner. I wish you had seen me trying to keep him quiet, Rachel, until you began to sing; and yet, until you began, he would not go near you. I suppose he thought he had a better chance of a favorable reply when you were under the influence of your own sweet voice. But do come away; I must write a letter for the post to-night, and it is getting very late."

The letter Miss Russell wrote that night bore the address, "Henry Vaughan, Esq., The Oaks, —shire." The reply came to it by return in the shape of Vaughan himself.

"You did not ask me, I know, Eleanor," he said; "but I could not help coming to make the acquaintance of *our* Rachel, and she quite comes up to all I could wish my son's wife to be," was his verdict in discussing the bride-elect with Eleanor. "The golden thread of refinement of mind runs through every word and action. She is worthy of the Vaughans."

So they were all wonderfully happy; the young people, especially, had no crumles in their rose-leaves—indeed, they were already ridiculously happy. Harry was never contented except by Rachel's side; but then, as she was in that position as often as it was possible for her to be, he was, as a matter of course, almost always contented. And how radiantly lovely she looked, glowing in the sunshine of her happy love! Now that Harry was actually her very own, she was not afraid to let him see how entirely she had given him her heart. And was he not worthy of it in her eyes? Others might think him only an agreeable and rather a good-looking young man; but to her he was a hero—her "man of men"! absolute and undoubted perfection.

The marriage was arranged to take place immediately. Harry, in spite of his former declarations on the subject, applied for an additional month's leave, and he affirmed that if he were not married before it expired, it might be years before the ceremony could take place. Of course that was not the truth; but he said it, notwithstanding.

Rachel demurred a little on account of her father, she said, which was plainly absurd of her to do, for two reasons—firstly, because Harry was scarcely more anxious to be her husband than she was to be his wife; and, secondly, because her father was of no importance in the matter whatever. Her marriage was more likely to be a relief to him than otherwise.

But all her scruples were set at rest by the arrival of a letter from the music-master, announcing his own blissful union with Miss Montessor. The letter was written from Paris, whither the "happy pair" had gone to spend the honeymoon, and it was the most doleful epistle which had ever, I suppose, been penned by a happy bridegroom. It ended by hoping that his dear child would forgive him for having kept the change in his life a secret, and that she would by-and-by find a happy home with him and her new mamma at Islington.

So a reply was at once dispatched, announcing that Rachel would never find a home with him again, and the day for her marriage was fixed, and every one was satisfied. Miss Conway was reconciled to her niece, gave her a handsome *trousseau*, and insisted that the wedding should take place from her house. Rachel would much have preferred being married from the Lodge, but she could not say No to her aunt, and after all it did not much signify. Miss Russell was rather pleased with the arrangement than otherwise, for she was to receive the whole Vaughan family as her guests for the occasion—the bridegroom, his father, his three married sisters and their husbands.

These latter all came the day before the wedding, and the three ladies were charmed with their new sister, and with their hostess, of whom they declared they had often heard "Papa and Harry" speak. They were handsome, stylish-looking women. Eleanor, Mrs. Fortescue, was the least handsome of the three; she had her father's plain features, and his varied expression; in manner, too, she was like him, and somehow Miss Russell "got on," as the saying is, best with her. The eldest daughter, Caroline—Mrs. Clifton—was very like her mother; even Eleanor could detect the likeness, although she had never seen Mrs. Vaughan but twice. It was very pleasing both to Harry and to Miss Russell to see how well Rachel made her way amongst them, with her quiet, unobtrusive manner and admirable tact.

The wedding-day was all that a wedding-day should be, warm and bright. But there is no more to be told about it than about any other wedding that has ever taken place. The party made quite a pretty picture in the dim old cathedral; but the effect of the scene was quite lost upon the actors therein. Major Howard came over from Ireland to be Harry's best man, and his speech at the breakfast, returning thanks for the bridesmaids, was the best speech of the day, for Harry literally did not know what he was doing, and talked great nonsense; and Mr. Vaughan, his father, broke down utterly, in trying to propose the health of the mistress of the Lodge.

Then the good-byes were said, and the last of the many kisses exchanged during that ceremony, were those bestowed by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vaughan upon the "best"—kiss; "kindest"—kiss; and "dearest"—kiss—kiss—kiss—"of friends"—Miss Russell, of course!

The day succeeding the marriage Mr. Vaughan's

elder daughters and their husband's went away, leaving Mrs. Fortescue, with her father and Mr. Fortescue, still at the Lodge. They were to return to the Oaks in a day or two, to receive the bride and bridegroom, who were to pay a short visit to Harry's home before they started for Ireland.

It was evening. The small party at the Lodge had dined pleasantly together. Mr. Fortescue was a most agreeable and well-read man, and he and Mr. Vaughan had kept up an animated conversation, which prevented Miss Russell's unusual silence from being noticed. Mrs. Fortescue was by nature rather silent and reserved.

She and her hostess were sitting together in the drawing-room after dinner, waiting for the gentlemen to join them, when Mrs. Fortescue mentioned having seen some book through the glass doors of the bookcase in the library, which she had been wishing to look over, and Miss Russell left the room to get it for her.

She was standing on the library steps, searching for the volume, when she heard the dining-room door open and close, and the voices of the gentlemen as they crossed the hall. She thought that both of them had passed on by the open door of the library, but she was mistaken; on turning to come down the steps, she was surprised to see Vaughan standing watching her.

"How did you know I was here?" she asked. "I did not know *you* were here," he replied; "but, as I passed the door, I thought some giantess had taken possession of your library, when I saw the shadow. Look there!"

The room was lighted by two small moderate lamps, placed upon the chimney-piece, and thus a distorted shadow of Miss Russell standing on the step-ladder was thrown upon the opposite wall. She did not say anything, but came down quickly, and stood by the empty fireplace with the book in her hand.

Vaughan came over and stood beside her. They were both silent, and the stillness of the room became almost oppressive. After a while it was broken by Vaughan: "These last few weeks have been very happy weeks to me," he said, "and I am sure they have been so to you, too, Eleanor, for you always found pleasure in making others happy."

"Yes," she answered, "if Rachel and Harry were my own children, I could not love them more."

Silence again for a time; again broken by Vaughan.

"Eleanor," he said, "since we have met we have often talked of the dear old days we used to spend together; but never have I been so forcibly reminded of them as to-night, when I saw your shadow on the wall, just now."

She evidently knew what was coming, for she turned deadly pale, and shivered almost audibly.

"Do you remember the evening?" he went on. "Oh, do not—pray do not!" she interrupted, imploringly, covering her face. "I cannot bear it."

He very gently, almost tenderly, took both her hands into his own, and held them, while he continued: "I am not going to say anything to pain you, dear Eleanor. Can you not trust me?"

She drew a deep sigh, by way of answer, and he continued: "I am sure you never knew, never even suspected, what brought me to your aunt's house that evening of which it grieves you to speak. I went, Eleanor, to ask you to be my wife. You know what I saw, and the mistake into which it led me—a mistake which changed both our lives; that is, if you would have given me, what you refused to others—your love."

"And you cared for me, then?" she said, slowly, as though that fact obliterated all others at the moment.

"Yes, I cared for you—not, perhaps, with the same strong, overwhelming passion I soon felt for Caroline Forbes, but with a love strong enough to have made me happy to call you mine—a love founded upon thorough knowledge of your character. And now, Eleanor, having made my confession, tell me, in your turn, was your feeling for me then more than friendship?"

"As you remember so much of the past, Henry," she replied, using his Christian name for the first time, "perhaps you remember some of our many discussions upon love and friendship? You used to think that I did not make enough of difference between them. Now is your question answered?"

"Not quite," he replied, smilingly; "I must ask it in another form—would you have married me, Eleanor?"

"Yes," she answered frankly; "why should I hesitate to let you know it now? I never liked any one, I never could have liked any one so much as I liked you—but do not mistake me. I was truly and sincerely glad when I saw you happy with another."

"I believe it," he returned, earnestly, "that was precisely the fault in your character, you are not exacting for yourself; personal appropriation of the object of your love never entered your head. Eleanor!" and his tone suddenly changed to one of deep feeling, and his clasped tightened upon her hand. "You said a little while ago to my daughter that you thought my home was perfect. It has one want, and my life has one void which you alone can fill; you confess that you cared for me in the old days; we are both alone in the world now; why should we not spend the rest of our lives together?"

He felt a tremor run through the hands he held, and he saw the warm blood flush brightly into her face, softening the lines that time had made. She was no longer young, but those words, spoken so earnestly, and with such undoubted sincerity, by her old friend, stirred her heart with emotions which she thought were dead for ever. She had lived, and she could live without the excitement of passion, but that one love of which she was capable, an abiding, unselfish, faithful affection, had been given to Vaughan long years before, and so much as even a passing fancy she had never felt for another.

So now, although the freshness and the beauty of her youth were gone; although she knew him as, perhaps, she never could have known him when the illusions of youth were blinding her, she felt that to be something near and dear to him, to know that she had the power to fill the blanks left in his life, and in his home, by the inevitable changes



which time brings round, made her happier than she had ever been.

Meanwhile he was waiting for her answer as impatiently as a young lover might have done.

"Eleanor," he exclaimed at last, "why do you not speak to me? Are you fancying what the world will say of sober middle age breaking out into romance? Let it laugh if it will. Ah! if you knew how I miss you, and how I long for you at home; if you knew how unhappy it makes me to be alone!"

"And if you knew how happy it makes me to be with you!" she interrupted, freeing her hands from his, but only to clasp them lovingly round his arm.

Then he stooped, their lips for the first time met in a lover's kiss.

And as in her youth her happiness had been marred, so now in middle life it was made, by a Shadow on the Wall.

THE END.

## SCENES FROM SUN-LANDS.

By MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

### THE VOYAGE—SAVANNAH.

A LEGION of men, a phalanx of carts, an avalanche of pick-axes were busily at work removing snow and ice from the principal thoroughfares of New York as we drove down through them, on our way to the steamer waiting to transport us from the chill and frozen North to that "Sunny South," of which we all love to talk, and for which we are so apt to sigh while suffering from the intemperate cold of the temperate zone.

The steamer destined thus to play the part of a beneficent fairy in our lives was called the *City of Macon*, and lay at Pier 47, North River, and our first sentiment upon beholding her was a verification of the old proverb that "Patient waiters are no losers," for our plan had been to sail in the *General Barnes*, three days previously, but she having been disabled on her voyage north we had most reluctantly become "waiters," and now saw ourselves most decidedly gainers, for the *City of Macon* proved to be, as her owners, Messrs. Murray, Ferris & Co., had promised, a marvel of beauty, elegance and freshness, replete with the vigor and coquetry of youth, and dainty in every appointment, from the artistically tinted ceiling of the upper saloon to the linen, glass and china of the tables in the lower cabin. Even the state-rooms, within whose doors experienced travelers generally enter with the cheerful presentiments a heretic might feel in entering the cells of the Inquisition, were so bright and fresh, the spring mattresses so inviting, and the towels so abundant, that one could not but lend oneself to the illusive promise, and imagine that comfort and cleanliness were to prove a panacea to one of life's most dreaded ills.

Affectionate friends came to see us off; the lord of our destiny fortunately remembered to have the trunks brought on board; a disinterested porter secured and restored the sunshade left in the carriage; that last parcel did miraculously arrive; the whistle began its series of shrill alarms; draymen, porters, stewards and sailors rushed about in wild excitement; rattling little trucks clattered over the gangway with the last pieces of luggage, and finally the moment came for good-by—the moment for those close and clinging caresses which one ever feels may be the last, and whose bitter-sweet lingers so long upon the lips and in the heart.

The gang-plank was withdrawn; the paddles made their first revolution; the gap between ship and shore, which so many of us have likened to the gap between time and eternity, opened wider and wider, and the little group on deck stood watching the little group on shore, while handkerchiefs were now pressed to the eyes, and now waved towards those who wept and waved as well, and the parting was over, the steamer under way, and the voyage begun.

One of the dear friends left behind had, as a parting kindness, presented Captain Nickerson, and requested the same especial care for us that she declared had made her own voyage to Savannah so joyful a remembrance, and he now made his appearance, speaking a few kindly words and giving those cheerful promises of a safe and speedy passage which are so pleasant to listen to, however much or little they may mean.

The first thing was to go to housekeeping in our dainty state-room, whose prettily carpeted floor had suddenly grown so marvelously unstable and restless; and the next, to find a seat upon the deck, whence to watch the rapidly receding spires and glittering windows of the city, to note anew the beauties of the bay, so often and so unaptly compared to that of Naples; to wonder whether our *Alter Ego* had yet marched home and begun to miss us, and whether doggy Follette had yet divined that her mistress had forsaken her for more than an hour's drive, and finally to combat an increasing and pressing curiosity as to how a person feels who is not going to be sea-sick.

The composite meal served instead of dinner on the day of sailing was announced, and we went down with smiling faces but quaking hearts. We found ourselves placed at the captain's left hand: first myself, then the sister of my heart, and then the artist, to whose care and protection the *Alter Ego* had solemnly confided the diary of his beloved wife, a large parcel of sketching materials, and the responsibility of duly illustrating whatever points of interest the aforesaid Sun-lands should present.

But circumstances over which the poor artist had obviously no control compelled him to vacate, or rather not to assume, his seat even at this first meal, and we of the feebler sex were left, unaided, to a struggle with steak, potatoes and toast, making, as we gayly assured the captain, an excellent dinner, and feeling ourselves extremely comfortable after it. A desire for the fresh air was certainly no suspicious symptom, and it was rather natural that after the fatigue of starting we should feel the need of rest, and retire somewhat suddenly to our berths, whose fresh little white beds welcomed us in with the "gentle smiling jaws" of Alice's crocodile.

If anybody was very ill that night, if the pleasures of memory, as regards beefsteak and potatoes, proved a bitter mockery, and the pleasures of hope utterly refused to spring eternally or otherwise in the human breast, it is not my purpose to allow a cruel and mocking word the triumph of knowing it; there are sorrows for which one obtains sympathy, such as breaking one's leg, or

writing a book; and there are others, such as breaking one's heart, slipping down on the ice, and sea-sickness, for which one's best friends have only a laugh, and of which one is wisest who says as little as possible!

The next day was Sunday, and church being impossible I found it convenient to perform my devotions in a prostrate condition, the sister alone representing her sex at the breakfast table and in the saloon, or Social Hall, as the pretty upper-room is called. The captain said it was a smooth passage; the captain said there was no worse weather off Cape Hatteras than anywhere else; the captain said a head-wind was as good as a fair one if you only choose to think so; yes, the captain said all that a captain should, and no doubt did all that a captain should, but somehow all the ladies, with two or three exceptions, perversely kept their berths and disdained nourishment, and the stout, good-natured stewardess rolled about incessantly from room to room—patient, willing and cheerful, even to the bitter end, where so many of her nurselings departed without "remembering" her who had not forgotten them.

### STEAMING UP THE SAVANNAH RIVER.

We sailed Saturday at 3 P.M., and early on Tuesday morning triumphantly crossed the bar at the mouth of the Savannah River, and found ourselves in smooth water, milder air, and a hopeful condition of mental and bodily convalescence. Everybody dressed, everybody came on deck, everybody looked at everybody else, and pallid smiles and feeble courtesies became the order of the day among those who had heard or watched each other's agonies of the past two days in that stolid apathy which is one of the distinctive features of sea-sickness.

Old friends, hitherto unsuspecting of each other's vicinity, exchanged glad greetings; the professor found a sheltered nook for his fragile little wife; our artist, pale but energetic, produced his sketch-book; the captain threw off his overcoat, planted his cap more firmly upon his brow, and assumed so stern and business-like an aspect that the most favored among the passengers dared not address him, and the *City of Macon* steamed, steamed slowly up the sinuous river between low-lying rice-plantations; desolate marshes, inhabited only by the wild-fowl, who rose in whirling clouds at our approach; clumps of palmetto-trees, strange to a northern eye; and innumerable little cabins, some so small and dark as to seem no more than the burrow of a wild beast, and others larger and thriftily whitewashed, but all uninhabitable by men of Caucasian race and only possible for the negroes, whose warm blood seems proof against malaria and kindred ills. Around these cabins loitered the dusky forms of their inmates, some lazily engaged in plowing, harrowing or seeding the little patches of ground reclaimed from the swamp, some merely idling in the sunshine and enjoying the doing nothing and having nothing which is the African's paradise and the white man's purgatory. These negroes, we were told, are nearly all manumitted slaves, and many of them had labored, perforce, upon the very land where they now idly unmolested, for these river-lands were among the best rice plantations of Georgia in the old, old days, and brought large revenues to their owners.

About four o'clock the *City of Macon* made fast to her pier after sundry little excitements in the shape of pulling away an elderly post, threatening to ground in the mud, and insisting upon reaching the dock on the wrong side, all of which calamities were averted by the ubiquitous captain, whose kind and smiling eyes assumed for the nonce a keen sternness quite appalling to loquacious passengers.

The young mother found her friends upon the wharf; the pretty schoolgirl was rapturously greeted by father and brother; the other Savannah passengers assumed a happy at-home expression as they saw friends and relatives perched upon the cotton-bales, crowding the great shed covering the pier; and, finally we birds-of-passage were conducted by the captain to a rickety old omnibus serving as hack-carriage, and, after considerable delay, caused by our driver's interest in a fracas upon the wharf, we rattled and jumbled and stumbled along various unpaved and unlabeled thoroughfares to the Screven House, situated upon one of the public squares containing a monument, a little green common, intersected with paths, and some benches for the accommodation of nurses and babies by day and pairs of star-gazing lovers by night.

A friend upon the boat had already informed us that whichever of the two hotels we selected we should infallibly wish we had chosen the other, and the prediction was certainly verified, so far as our experience went, for when, after paying our seventy-five cents each for the five minute drive in the rattling old omnibus, we were escorted up three flights of stairs, it was to the forlornest, dingiest, barest little den imaginable, chilly as an ice-house and impossible to heat, since, as the boy assured us, with a delighted smile, "Dat dar stove draw right down chimney jes' as soon as he lighted." The blue paper curtains declined to roll up, and when persuaded by pin-pricks to uncover the windows, a dreary mist, trickling tear-like down the panes, was the only prospect, and the sister and myself, sitting forlornly down upon the two rickety chairs furnishing the room, remarked simultaneously:

"And this is a pleasure trip!"

"And this is the Sunny South!"

The dinner hour on board the boat, five, that of the Screven House two, so that unfortunates leaving the one too early and reaching the other too late for that feast, nothing remained but half-past six at the hotel, a meal fairly served—but not a prominent point in memory's waste. After tea we wrote some letters, basked a little before the huge coal fires in the drawing-room, and retired very early to the desolation of the dingy den au troisième.

### AN EARLY GLIMPSE OF SAVANNAH.

After an early breakfast we sallied forth next morning to see Savannah, and soon found sufficient matter of novelty and interest to convince us that we had indeed changed our latitude and habitat. The city is regularly laid out in broad streets, each alternate one widening into a square, prettily planted with trees, shrubs and flowering plants, and furnished with benches. The palmetto, of course, is the popular tree, and we noticed some fine large specimens in process of transplantation upon the grounds of a gentleman, who claims to be the only person to have successfully achieved this operation. Several other varieties of palm, eucalyptus, live oak, acacia, holly and cacti seemed the principal growths, and every house of consequence stood on its own grounds, and often literally beneath its own vine and fig-tree. Many of these residences were large and fine, with wide verandas, whose hammocks and chairs, seen between the screens of climbing plants, gave a home-like and secluded look very fascinating to sojourners at the Screven House. One of the most attractive residences in the city, its gleaming white walls nearly hid in greenery, and its pretty bay-windows filled with flowers, was

pointed out as the headquarters of General Sherman during the occupation of Savannah during the late war, and we were glad to know that neither house nor furniture received any harm or loss from the occupancy; indeed the verdict of reliable citizens seems to be that Savannah suffered very little from the war—not nearly so much, in fact, as from the yellow fever raging here a year or so ago, and almost decimating the population. A large, handsome building, called the Pavilion, now used as a hotel again, was converted into a yellow fever hospital during the reign of the epidemic, and was constantly filled to overflowing.

In the rear of every wide street runs a narrow little lane, and upon these open the negro quarters attached to each mansion, sometimes with stables underneath, and upon the simple balconies of these quarters we saw fat and comfortable little picnannies basking in true Southern fashion, proving that manumission has not cut off the supplies of yams, rice and corn meal any more than it has the sunshine and mild air upon which these children of the Summer thrive. Reaching the business part of the city we visited the market—a large, open building of lime-stone, and refreshingly cool, shady and clean. The principal floor is considerably elevated above the street, and beneath it runs an arched passage from one square to another, with stalls for fish and vegetables, and a restaurant for the accommodation of marketmen opening upon it. The supplies seemed much like those to be seen in Northern markets, except that okra, peppers and sugar-cane here made their appearance in abundance, with fresh tomatoes and other vegetables not yet to be seen at home.

Some of the street scenes in this vicinity were quaint and novel to unaccustomed eyes, especially an old aunt seated at a street-corner with a little table beside her displaying boiled yams, baked sweet potatoes, a stack of solid-looking fried meat, and another of large flat corn-cakes, edibles evidently adapted to the tastes and purses of her own rather than our own countrymen. In front of this stand a fine stalwart negress was buying a handful of pine-wood out of a little, tumble-down cart, covered with white cotton cloth and drawn by probably the most aged and infirm mule extant; upon the back of this forlorn quadruped perched a grinning imp of a boy, scantily attired in what had once been a white vestment, his bare feet decorated with spurs and resting upon the heavy shafts of the little cart by way of stirrups; his mother or grandmother roosted inside and volubly offered her little faggots for sale, apparently with considerable success.

We took considerable satisfaction in the aspect, manners and demeanor of not only these but nearly all the colored brethren whom we encountered; untrammelled by any business or methods of their own, they seem quite free to devote themselves to those of the strangers, whom they always welcome with broad, expectant smiles and a "How d'y, missus?" intended as an opening for conversation upon any topic one may select; not only are they willing to give every information or directions requested, but they will abandon friends, errands or sunniest corners to escort the wayfarer to his destination, and one rotund matron, overhearing us ask each other the nearest way to the hotel, rolled after us across the muddy crossing to convey the desired information.

No doubt the negro is provoking at times to persons accustomed to the prompt and methodical service of well-trained Northern attendants, but the most righteous indignation must, I think, feel itself melt away before the hearty good nature, irresponsible content and irrepressible gaiety beaming from almost every ebony and ivory physiognomy you meet.

After the negro, the most common type of features seemed to us to be the Hebrew, and upon inquiry we found that about one-half of the present population of Savannah are of that origin, including the mayor, of whom his Christian fellow-citizens spoke with respect and approval. A handsome synagogue is well supported, and much of the wealth of the city is in the hands of these thrifty and industrious people.

A Roman Catholic cathedral is nearly complete, and churches of all denominations are numerous and well built. Forsyth Park is a pretty pleasure-ground, inclosed by an iron fence, and filled with trees, shrubs and flowers. A pair of springs at the entrance are impressive and artistic. A stone fountain of exquisite design stands near the centre, and the park is well provided with seats. It is not open for carriages, but a pleasant resort for invalids, strollers and the aforesaid pair of lovers.

### BONAVENTURE CEMETERY.

Our morning's stroll completed, we took a carriage, driven by a solemn sable gentleman in a ruffled shirt, lavender cravat, silk hat and dingy-white duck trousers, and set out for Bonaventure, the old cemetery of which Savannah is justly fond and proud. The drive is about five miles in extent, and, after leaving the suburbs of the city, strikes a well-laid shell-road, bordered by live oaks festooned with Spanish moss, fields of corn and yams, little cottages smothered in vines, and homely growths of shrubs and flowers, until finally the moss-covered stone gateway runs straight and broad nearly across the grounds, and is closely set at either hand with gnarled old oaks, their limbs knotted, cramped and twisted in the struggle with a century's storm and ravage; those branches meet and overlace both overhead and at the sides, and drooping from them in deep festoons, or long pennants, or in waving masses like the tattered banners in an old cathedral roof, softly swing the gray, shadowy tresses of the Spanish moss, which so completely clothes the old trees that their identity, except as a mere frame-work, is almost lost. Nothing can be more graceful, certainly nothing more weird and fantastic, than these swaying pennons, their delicate fibres expanding and contracting with every motion, their soft, monotonous gray tint at once soothing and saddening the eye, and the faint sound of their motion as they gently clash against each other, suggesting the hallowed whispers of haunting spirits.

It is impossible to imagine anything more original or captivating to an artist's eye; impossible to imagine anything more gruesome and fantastic were one to find oneself alone here in the twilight of a Winter's night, and we could not but long for the potent wand of a magician to recall Poe from his grave and summon Doré from the other hemisphere to fitly poetize and portray this remarkable spot.

There is a tradition that the lines of oak forming this and the continuous avenues were first planted in the form of a monogram, combining the letters M and T at the time of the marriage of Mary Mulryne, heiress and daughter of Colonel John Mulryne, who settled this tract about the year 1760, to Josiah Tatnell, of Charleston, S. C. By this marriage the estate passed into the Tatnell family, and Governor Tatnell, of Georgia, was born there in 1765, and in 1803 laid his young wife to rest beneath its trees, already venerable and moss-draped. In 1847 the estate passed into the hands of Captain Wiltberger, and with him originated the idea of converting it into a cemetery, finally carried out by his son, Major Wiltberger, in 1869. All these now sleep be-

neath the sweeping pennons of the moss-clad oaks—the lovers, the magnates, the soldiers and the patriots—all in one sound and final rest, hopes, fears, joys and sorrows alike extinct, and only their story left behind.

We returned in the rain to dine at the Screven House, paid a bill which would have covered two or three days' expenses in Paris, and again trusting ourselves to the mercies of the rattling stage, were conveyed to the pier where the *San Jacinto* lay awaiting us, steam up and freight on board, with a smart shower of rain making everything pleasant (?) on shore and on board.

After taking possession of our state-room, we ventured out upon deck for a little, and got some picturesque effects of light and shade as the slanting sunset-light struck through the misty rain, touching the rice-fields into gleaming greenery, and gilding the old Martello tower of the Spanish Fort, so called, with a dusky glory.

There are several forts up and down the river—two at least disused and obsolete, and Fort Polaski still wearing the frown she took on in the late war. One of the forts, with a little rice field attached, was pointed out as the home of an enterprising old negress, who raises considerable crops for market by her own labor, only assisted by her son, a feeble-minded youth, whom she uses as a beast of burden, harnessing him into plow, harrow and cart, and never allowing him to leave the place for fear his ideas should become expanded by travel.

The rain grew sharper, the yellow waters of the Savannah more turbulent, the daylight dimmer, and soon after crossing the bar every one found it convenient to seek their state-rooms and leave the boat to the conduct of its efficient commander, Captain Phillips.

### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**Salicine in Medicine.**—Salicine has been found to be a curative of ague, coryza, and some cases of neuralgia in which quinine has failed. It is a curious provision of nature that quinine, the best remedy for fever, grows in countries where it is most needed, and now we have salicine extracted from the willow, which grows in localities where fever and ague most abound. This is no doubt accidental, but it is nevertheless a curious coincidence.

**Photographing at Night.**—Photographing at night has been accomplished by Mr. Van Der Weyde, formerly of New York, now in London. He employs the electro-light, which is kept in operation by a gas engine and a magneto-electric machine. The sitter is screened from the direct rays, and receives only those from a parabolic reflector. The rays are made convergent, uniform (and consequently soft and pleasant) by means of a Fresnel lens, which throws an evenly distributed beam over a sufficient space to include the subject. On one occasion Mr. Van Der Weyde took a photograph of a lady who was on her way to the Opera, a proof of which was handed to her in her box before the close of the performance.

**Artificial Ruby, Sapphire and Corundum.**—The production of crystallized alumina, which is the principal constituent of a number of oriental gems, and especially of rubies and sapphires, has engaged the attention of several experimenters, but hitherto only microscopic crystals have been produced. Two Frenchmen, Messieurs Fremy and Feil, have lately been more successful. They have taken advantage of Denille's method for the preparation of aluminate of lead and other fusible aluminates, and have decomposed these salts at high heat by the aid of silica. The silicic acid takes possession of the lead, and alumina crystallizes in the flux. Crystals have thus been obtained large enough to be used in watchmaking, and hard enough to be cut by the lapidary. Sixty pounds of a mixture of aluminate of lead and silica were kept at a red heat for twenty days. The alumina was gradually liberated, forming colorless corundum. By adding bichromate of potash to the mixture, the alumina took the color of the ruby, and a little oxide of cobalt produced the sapphire. The artificial rubies and sapphires closely resembled the natural stones in hardness, specific gravity, brilliancy, and crystallographic and optical properties.

### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

EDISON'S earliest ambition was to become a tragedian.

A STATUE of John Brown is to be the contribution of Kansas to the National Statuary Hall in the Capitol.

GENERAL SHIELDS is sixty-seven, is five feet eight, has a swarthy face, dark hair, speaks fluently, and is enthusiastic in manner.

E. T. OWEN, of the Class of 1872 at Yale College, has accepted the position of Acting Professor of Modern Languages at the University of Wisconsin, in Madison, Wis.

ON the main street in Duxbury, Massachusetts, within a mile of each other, are living thirty-four persons over eighty years of age, the oldest being Mrs. Judith Hathaway, aged ninety-nine.

BISHOP SIMPSON is nearly sixty-eight years old, and is beginning, it is said, to feel some of the inseparable infirmities of age. They do not, however, prevent his preaching with all his old eloquence.

THE retirement of Rear-Admiral Murray, in the course of the present month, makes a vacancy in that grade for Commodore R. H. Wyman, who may be designated the founder of the Hydrographic Office in Washington.

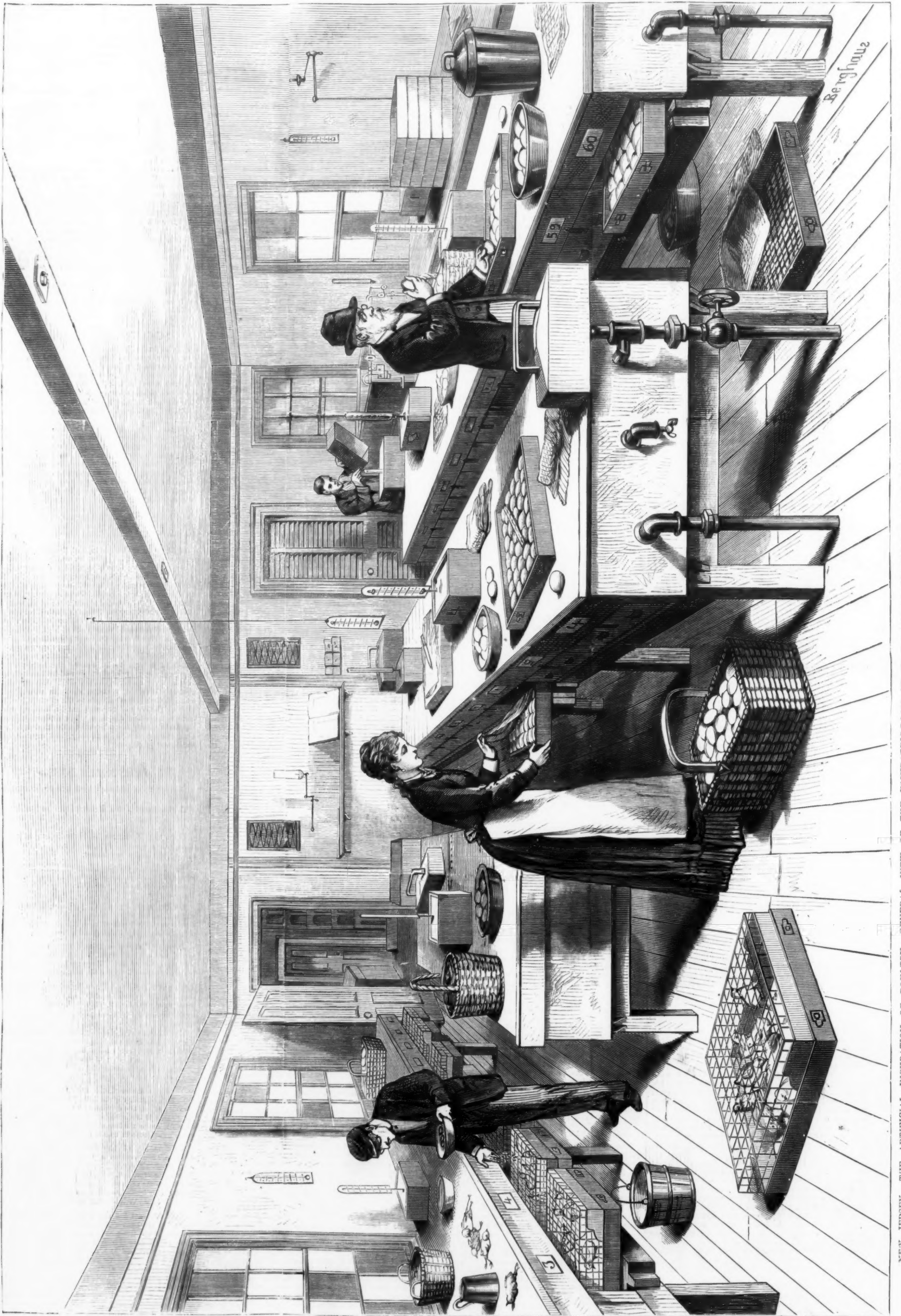
OF the one hundred members composing the Pennsylvania House of Representatives in 1831, only three now survive: Philip Ruple, of Union County, ninety-four years old; John Stroben, of Lancaster County, and A. G. Brodhead, of Luzerne County, each about eighty years of age.

WHEN Eugene Hale married Miss Chandler, Papa Zach Chandler gave him \$100,000 for a wedding-present; and at the advent of every grandchild a check for \$20,000 is forthcoming, to be placed to the credit of the child as the nucleus of its future fortune. Babies are never unwelcome in that household.

THE family of the late ex-President Andrew Johnson have erected a splendid monument to his memory at Greenville, East Tennessee, the home of "the tailor President." The monument is to be unveiled by appropriate ceremonies on May 28th, when addresses will be made by Colonel George W. Jones, of Tennessee, and Mrs. Laura C. Holloway, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

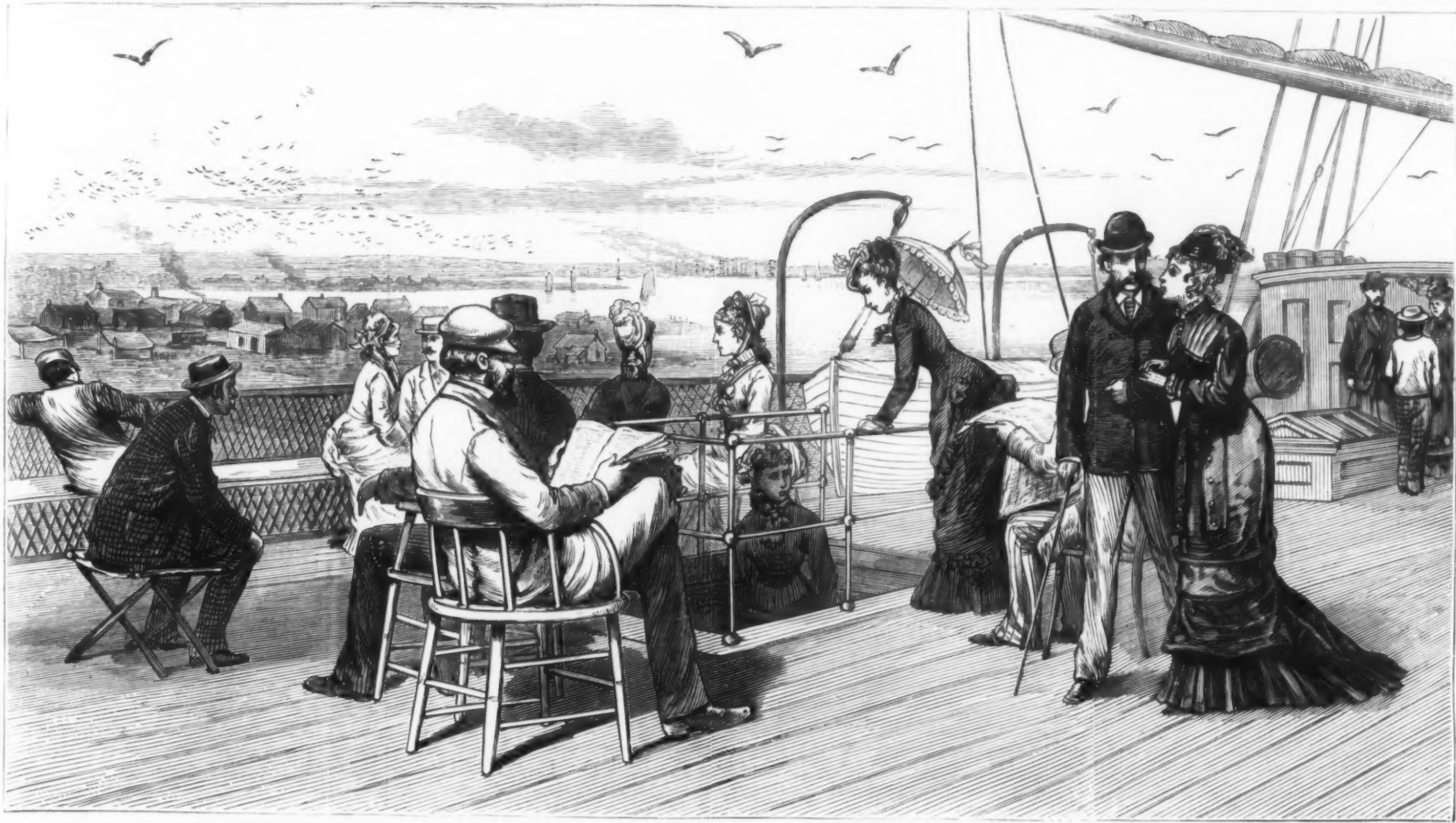
THE contract for the Soldiers' Monument, to be erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association at Augusta, Georgia, of which we have published an engraving, was given to Theodore Markwalter, of Augusta. The column is to be surmounted by a figure of the Confederate private in his characteristic pea-jacket uniform. In March, 1873, the association was reorganized with the following officers: President, Mrs. M. E. Walton (since succeeded by Mrs. F. A. Timberlake); Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. John T. Miller; Vice Presidents (representing the different church organizations in the city), Mrs. M. Campbell, Mrs. J. M. Adams, Mrs. A. E. Whitehead, Mrs. J. J. Cohen, Mrs. M. Clark, Mrs. M. A. Danforth, Mrs. J. J. Thomas, Mrs. N. B. Moore, Mrs. W. H. Barrett, Mrs. D. T. Castlebury, Mrs. James T. May, and Mrs. J. J. Bredenberg.





NEW JERSEY.—THE ARTIFICIAL INCUBATION OF POULTRY—GENERAL VIEW OF THE INCUBATING-ROOM IN W. C. BAKER'S EGG-HATCHING ESTABLISHMENT AT CRESKILL-ON-THE-HUDSON.—DRAWN BY A. BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 154.





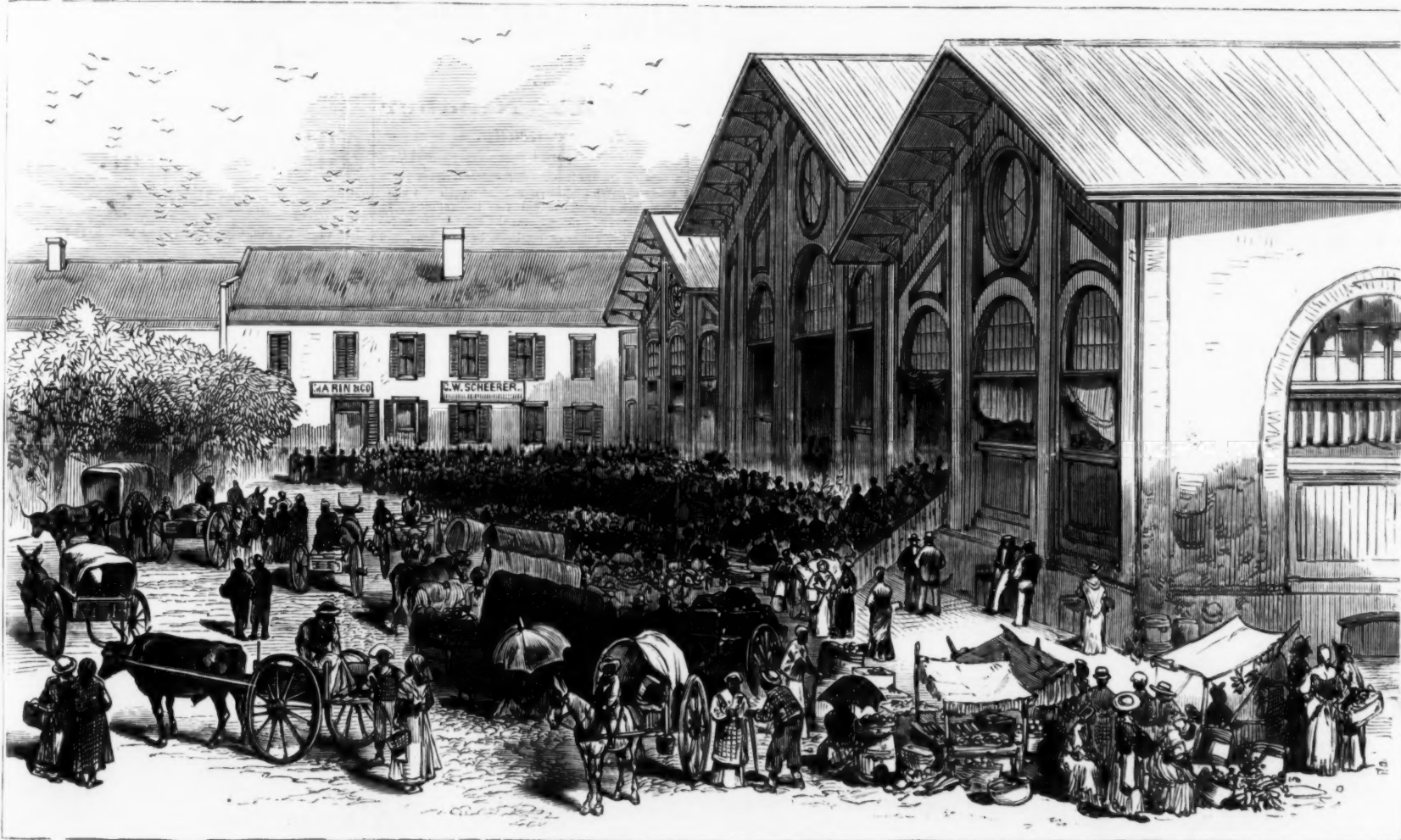
FIRST GLIMPSE OF SAVANNAH FROM THE DECK OF THE STEAMER "CITY OF MACON," AFTER ENTERING THE SAVANNAH RIVER.



ENTRANCE TO FORSYTH PARK.



DOMESTIC INDUSTRY—ITINERANT PRAWN-SELLERS.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY MARKET.

SCENES FROM SUN-LANDS.—INCIDENTS OF A TRIP FROM NEW YORK TO NASSAU, N. P.—THE CITY OF SAVANNAH, AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.  
FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER YEOGER.—SEE PAGE 147.

NEW JERSEY.—THE ARTIFICIAL INCUBATION OF POULTRY.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE INCUBATING-ROOM IN W. C. BAKER'S EGG-HATCHING ESTABLISHMENT AT CHESHILL-ON-THE-HUDSON.—DRAWN BY A. BENJAMIN.—SEE PAGE 151.



## The Old Inn-yard Theatres of London.

THE stage was inclosed by curtains tent-fashion, which hung from above and included a bit of the inn-gallery for uses of the drama. The platform was strewn with rushes. Musicians were placed in the gallery outside the curtain. One sound of the trumpet called the public in, and they stood on the rough stones in the yard—the original "pit"—unless they engaged rooms that opened upon the surrounding gallery, in which they might enjoy themselves, and from which they could look out on the actors. Those rooms were the first private boxes, and when buildings were erected for the acting of plays, their private boxes were at first called "rooms." The inn-gallery has been developed into the "dress-circle" of modern times. The second floorish of trumpets invited all spectators to settle themselves in their places. After the third sound of the trumpet, the curtain was drawn, and the actors began to represent in action the story made for them into a play. There was no scenery. The bit of inn-gallery included between the curtains might be a balcony for a Juliet, a town-wall or a tower to be defended, a palace-roof, or any raised place that was required by the action. The writer and the actors of the play were the whole play. They alone must present everything by their power to the imaginations of those upon whom they exercised their art. At court, for the queen's pleasure, there was a little the scaffold on which to present the story, and, beyond the dressing of the actors, only the most indispensable bits of stage appointment, as a seat, if the story required that one should sit, or a table if necessary. But if the poet wanted scene-painting, he must paint his own scene in his verse. It is evident also from contemporary satires that the actors did not stint sound and fury where the play allowed it. But, although the greater part of the audience was uneducated, there were present also the courtiers, scholars, and poets, who were exacting in their notions of wit. The writers were young University men, with credit for wit at stake, and while the plays in the inn-yards could not satisfy the crowd that paid to see them unless they told good stories vigorously and sent their scenes home to the common sympathies of men, the poets who wrote them were compelled to keep in mind the taste of the polite world, by whose judgment socially they must needs stand or fall. Plays written, not for the inn-yards, but for the court, might appeal only to appetite for wit, and, neglecting the deeper passions of life, play fancifully with a classical fable, or work out ingeniously through mythological details some subtle under-thought or delicate piece of compliment to the queen.

## The Stupid Man.

A STUPID man can generally do some one thing fairly well. He can often save money, and is sometimes gifted with a talent for shooting, fishing, rowing, sketching, yachting, preaching, turning a lathe, or playing the cornopean. The misfortune of this is that he imagines from his success in one particular that he is equally capable in all. But, except in his own peculiar likes and dislikes, he is not fastidious. If he does not care for good wine, he despises the man who does not drink marsala. If he is not musical, he professes to enjoy a street-organ, fees the grinders, sneers at people who dislike the noise, and openly announces his belief that Beethoven is dull and Wagner a lumbago. If he is fond of town, he rails at the country; if he likes the country, he wonders how a man can be such a fool as to live in town. He makes no allowance for other people's tastes, but measures everything by himself. The man who is taller than he is must be a giant, and the man who is shorter a dwarf. His house, his furniture, his religion, his wife, his children, his pursuits, his prejudices, are the standards by which every one else's are measured. In dress he is likely to adopt some costume and wear it always, at home or abroad. To stupid people, indeed, we are indebted for all our permanent institutions, and it was one of the clowns who invented the widow's cap. He associates doubtful morals with doubtful ways of dressing the hair, and would rather see his daughter in her coffin than wearing high-heeled shoes. He reads little, and on the whole prefers dull books, Thackeray being his great literary enemy. It is to attract him that novels are written, without characters, story, or plot. He reads his newspaper aloud after dinner, and believes everything in it if it is of his own political creed; but if it is of a different party he does not even believe the announcement of deaths.

## An Ideal English Home.

In the preparation of designs for a future home, we should first determine the number of rooms we require, and approximately the size of each apartment. The next, and a very important step, is the arranging each room in position (that is, on plan), so that it may be the most conveniently situated—not only so far as the room itself is concerned, with its greatest length in the proper direction—in relation to the aspect of the site and to the other rooms by which it is partly surrounded. Having arranged the rooms, halls, and staircases satisfactorily, and with due regard to the erection of chimneys, we would decide on the position of all doors and windows, placing them with a view to external effect as well as to internal convenience. We plan the way the roofs are to run, and where we will have gables, or we may perhaps dispense with the latter altogether. Then let us resolutely determine that we will have the walls built of good thickness, and the partitions also, of the best material the neighborhood can produce—if this is not good enough, let it be fetched from a distance. We will have stone that does not crumble in the air like gingerbread, or bricks that the frost does not reduce to powder; timber that is stout in its proportions, and has been well seasoned. After the old-fashioned thatch, a tiled roof maintains within a house the most equable temperature throughout the year; sates retain no heat during the winter, and all through the summer the rooms just beneath them are more like forcing houses than dormitories. Then, with all the parts of our future home laid out in the most convenient manner, of such material and dimensions that they will one and all last for centuries, we may give the rein to our fancy in regard to decoration. We cannot very well err, although it will be as well to adhere to certain rules and fashions for the sake of style, or (it may be admitted) of conventionality. But not a stick nor a stone must be added for the sake of ornament; we may carve the beams, run moldings round the openings, and elsewhere, but these should be as far as possible designed with a view to serve some definite purpose, and it will at once be seen that they add also to the artistic effect. If we can do all this, resisting

the architect and repressing the builder—we shall have planned, built, and decorated an edifice worthy of admiration. It will be a home not only for ourselves but for future generations.

## Standards of Beauty.

DEAN SWIFT proposed to tax female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and be very productive. Fontenelle daintily compliments the sex when he compares women to clocks—"the latter serve to point out the hours, the former to make us forget them." The standards of beauty in women vary with those of taste. Socrates calls beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theophrastus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; and Aristotle affirmed that it was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world. With the modern Greeks and the nations on the shores of the Mediterranean, corpulency is the perfection of form in woman. It was from the common and admired shape of his countrywomen that Rubens in his pictures delighted so much in plumpness. When this master was desirous to represent the "beautiful" he had no idea of beauty under two hundred weight. His very graces are all fat. But it should be remembered that all his models were Dutch women.

## Winter Clothes.

With regard to the use of clothes many erroneous opinions are entertained, and even among the better-educated classes the mode by which clothes act in protecting us from cold is little if at all understood. A very common idea is that they keep us warm by preventing air from reaching our bodies, whereas the fact is that just those materials which are most permeable to air keep us warmest. Their action is simple enough, and consists in rendering the air still around us, and in regulating its temperature by the heat which leaves our bodies. Extreme degrees of cold can, it is well-known, be better borne when the air is still than when with the same degree of cold the air is in motion. Every one knows from experience how much warmer woolen gloves are, even when loosely knitted, than the tight-fitting kid; yet, if the prevention of air from reaching the surface of the body were the source of warmth, kid should be warmer than woolen gloves. The corollary from the foregoing remarks is, therefore, at once evident. Our clothes should be worn loose, so as to allow a stratum of warm air between them and our bodies; they should be of not too close a texture, for it is found that cotton wool loses its power of protecting us from cold by being compressed. They should also be light, to permit of active exercise in the open air without producing exhaustion by their weight.

## FUN.

MAN proposes, but—he is not always accepted.

THE early angler catches the worm and a cold.

WIGS, in the language of flowers, are life locks.

A "CERTAINTY in religion"—the contribution box.

A POSER for engineers—Does the oyster live by suction or bi-valve?

It puts one in a neck-salted condition to have his throat fenced in with a supply of salt pork.

THE New Jersey cheese factories are prosperous, although they have "nouf-chatel mortgages to cover them."

"HEY, Tommy," said a five-year-old urchin to another in the street, "we've moved into a house they call flats. 'n yer don't have ter go up-stairs but ride up in the ventilator, 'n mother sends all the washin' to the foundry."

"WHAT is that?" said Spicer, awakened suddenly by a flendish howl that shattered the morning air under his window at the Westminster. "That is the milkman," said Mrs. S., pettishly. "They always cry milk that way in New York. I think he is quite musical. And Spicer murmurs, as he drowsed off for a final nap, 'It's the milky way, here, is it? Mewical! yes, he's a regular old cream-owner.'"

WHEN Jonah interviewed the whale, And haunted his internals, As erst it is recorded in The truthfulness of journals, What monarch did he symbolize? (A far-fetched joke you'll style it.) It seems to us he might have been A sort of paunch's pilot.

SIMPLICITY ITSELF.—Suburban resident (to builder): "Oh, I wanted to put a tin fox on the top of my house as a vane! What ought I to do?" Builder—"Do? why, give notice to parish under metropolis local act—give notice of alteration to district surveyor—send in plan, elevation, section, cross-section and block plan of adjacent property, with design and two perspectives of fox—inclose two copies of all on linen to Board of Works, Spring Gardens, London, and then—wait!"

WELCOME, season of string beans, Lettuce, dandelion greens, Radishes and juicy beets, New-laid eggs and fresh-born meats— Welcome, season of delights— Balmey days and breezy nights— Welcome, hale and hearty chills, Doctors' physic, doctors' bills!

A FEW evenings ago, a father and daughter at Wellesley, Mass., were mutually recalling incidents of the latter's childhood. "I shall never forget," said the young lady, "how you took me out of church one Sabbath, when I was about three years old, and punished me for playing in meeting. I can remember the tingling of that peach-tree switch to this day." "Very strange, very strange," said the father; "I don't recollect the circumstance at all." "Ah, well, papa, you were at the other end of the switch!"

## WHY HE WOULDN'T MARRY HER.

"MARRY her! By George! I would, if it wasn't for her confounded nose."

"Nose! Ha, ha! What's the matter with her nose? Is it too short, too long, or crooked—which? You're too fastidious, young man. A woman may be a charming wife and have any one of these deformities."

"It isn't any of them, old fellow. The fact is I like Kitty—like to look at her and talk with her—but any closer relationship I cannot endure. Her nose is too o-d-o-r-o-u-s."

Unfortunate Kitties should use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, the wonderful disinfecting properties of which instantly sweeten the breath, destroying all offensive odor. To its mild, soothing, and healing effects the most inveterate cases of catarrh promptly yield. Sold by druggists.

ALL chronic complaints are aggravated by a cold, moist atmosphere, and it is therefore particularly necessary for those who are afflicted with ailments of this nature, whatever their type may be, to meet this predisposing cause of sickness with a wholesome antidote. Hostetter's Bitters should be taken daily at this season by all persons laboring under chronic ailments that tend to weaken the system.

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**Frank Leslie's**

**SUNDAY MAGAZINE.**  
REV. CHARLES FORCE DEEMS, D.D., LL.D., EDITOR.

The MAY Number  
Is Now Ready.

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"It is as brimful of pictures and interesting reading as it can hold. Many publications of this kind are desirable either for their quantity or quality, but this magazine fills the bill in either case. This number closes the first volume, and we have every reason to believe that the second volume of this year will be fully up to its predecessor."—*Evangelical Sunday School Teacher.*

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"FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE continues to prove worthy of the highest commendation. It is a work every-where calculated to supply a much-needed want."—*The Guild, Washington, D. C.*

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BY  
**N. ROBINSON,**

AUTHOR OF

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Etc., Etc., Etc.,

ENTITLED:

**Born on the Deep;**

Or,

WHICH IS THE HEIRESS?

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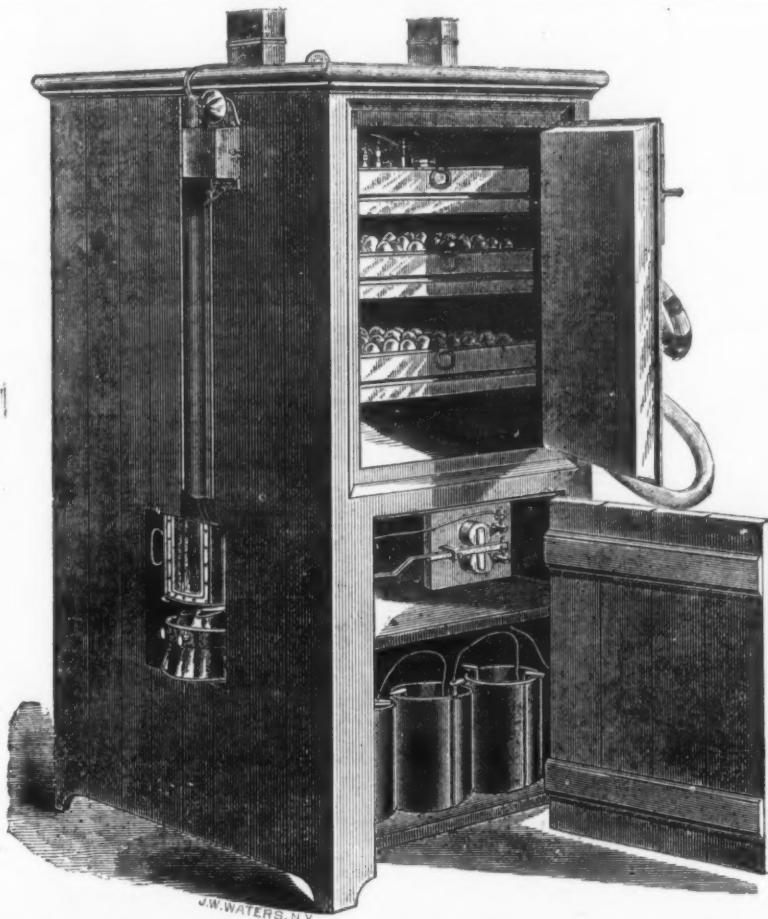
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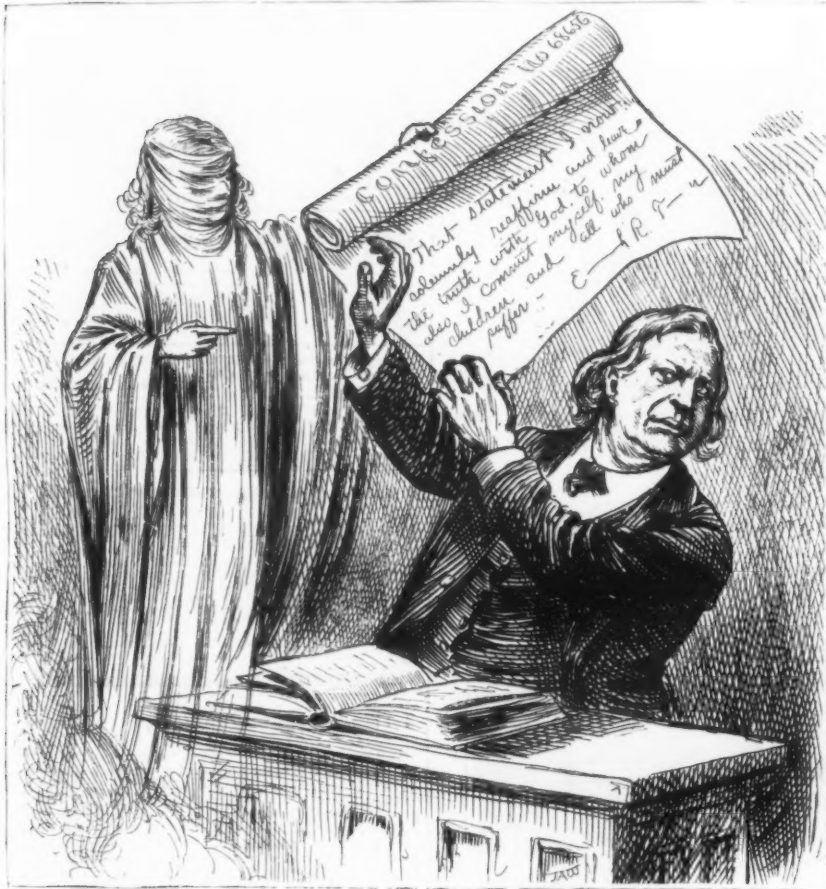
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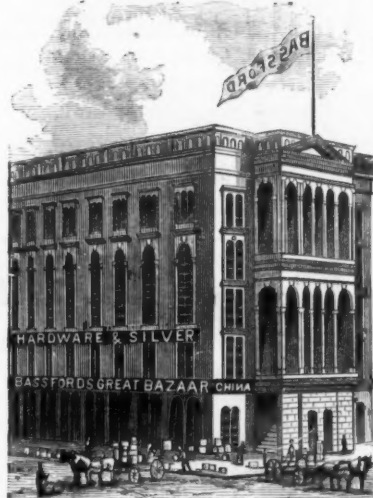
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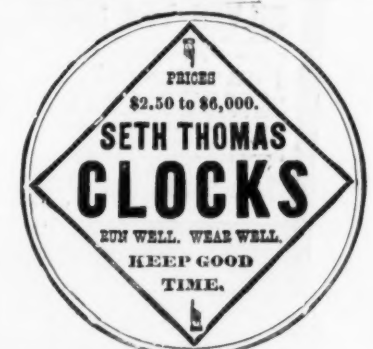
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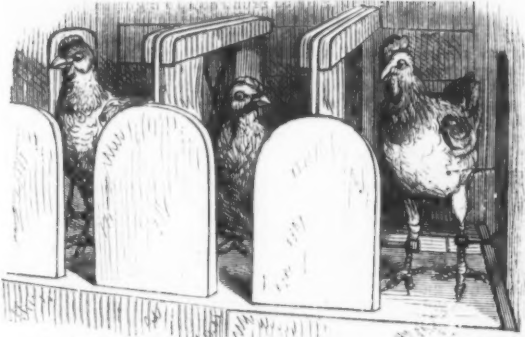
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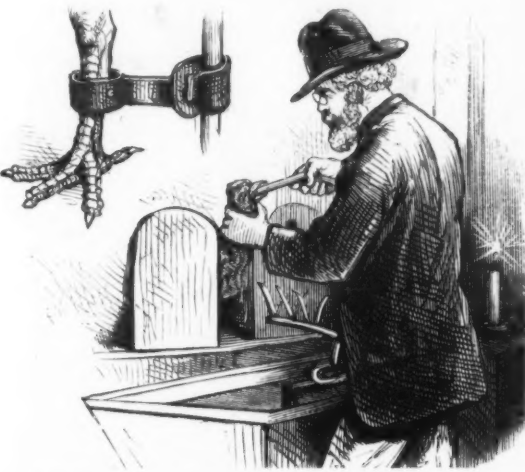
IT SHOULD BE FOUND ON THE TABLE OF EVERY LADY IN THE LAND.

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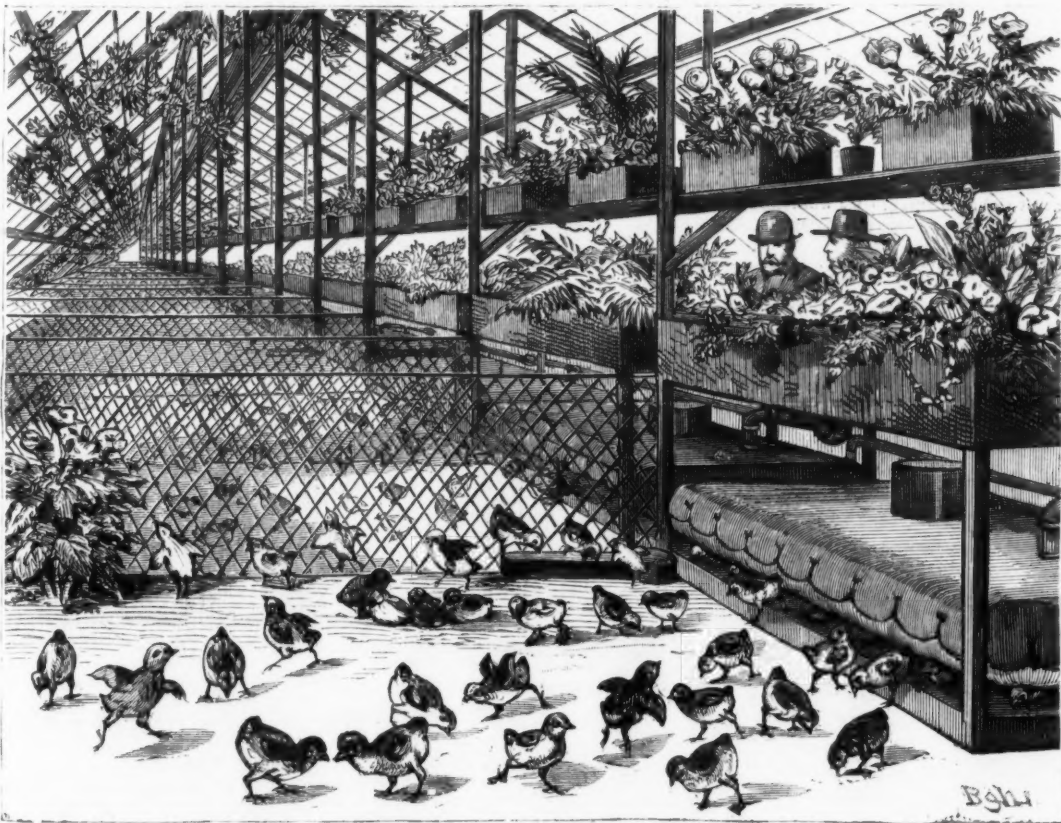
COOP, FOR FORCED FEEDING.



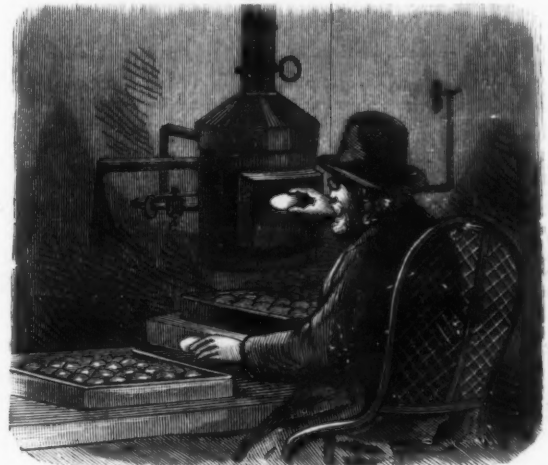
"CRAMMING" A CHICKEN—STRAP FOR A CHICKEN'S LEG.



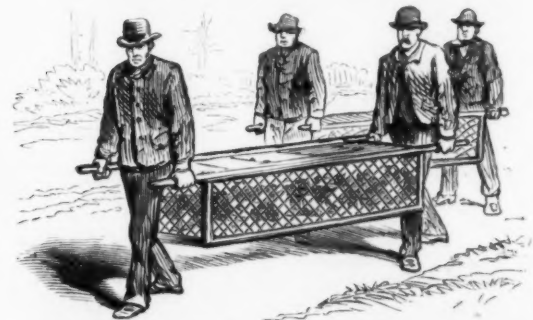
CHICKENS BEING FATTENED IN THE FORCED FEEDING-CYLINDER.



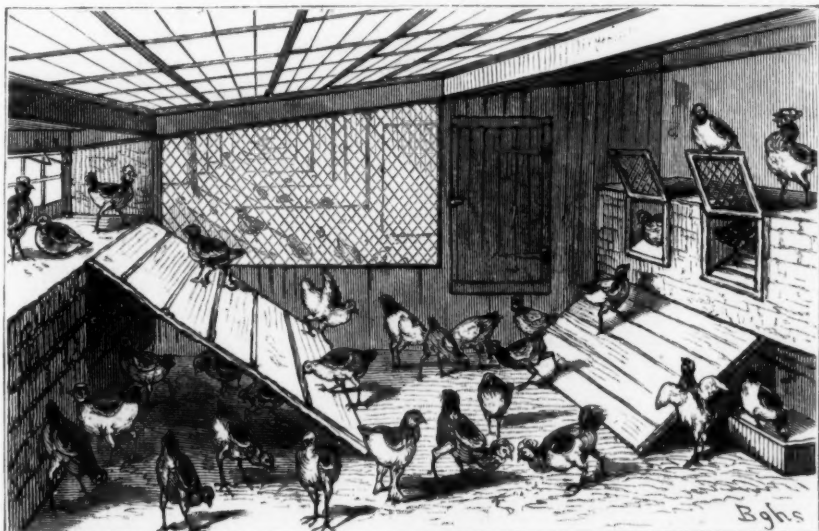
GENERAL VIEW OF THE BROODING-HOUSE.



INSPECTING EGGS IN A CAMERA.



TRANSFER OF CHICKENS FROM BROODING-HOUSE TO HENNERY.



ROOSTS FOR MARKETABLE CHICKENS, BEFORE FATTENING.



VIEW OF W. C. BAKER'S FARM AND EGG-HATCHING ESTABLISHMENT.

NEW JERSEY.—THE ARTIFICIAL INCUBATION OF POULTRY—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE SYSTEM OF ARTIFICIAL EGG-HATCHING AT W. C. BAKER'S POULTRY FARM, CRESKILL-ON-THE-HUDSON.—DRAWN BY A. BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 154.



## ARTIFICIAL EGG-HATCHING.

**CRESKILL-ON-THE-HUDSON** is situated sixteen miles from Jersey City. Between the lordly river and the railway station stands the wood-crowned summit of the rock-ribbed Palisades. In a huge cup inside the shoulder of the Palisades a set of detached buildings, surrounded by oak, elm and tulip-trees, attract the eye, both from the peculiarity of their construction as well as from the large quantity of glass with which they are fitted up. These buildings constitute the monster chicken-hatching farm of Mr. William C. Baker, an enterprise upon which this gentleman has already expended some seventy thousand dollars.

Mr. Baker is a man of note in practical science. He has heated the entire building of the Grand Central Depot by seven miles of concealed piping, his patent steam-heating apparatus holding a world-wide reputation, while his experiments in electricity place his name beside that of Howe, or that of Morse.

Mr. Baker's residence on the Palisades, adjoining his farm, is one of the most attractive sites in the wide world. The grounds slope gently from the rear of the house for about one hundred yards, and then terminate in a precipice over which a stone held out at arm's-length, and dropped, touches nothing in its fall until it strikes the rocks that border the river, five hundred feet below. From this site can be seen not only the entire city of Yonkers, but the East River, Long Island Sound and New York City.

The writer, with the artist, was most courteously received by Mr. Baker, a gray-haired, keen-glancing, quick-speaking man of under fifty years of age, with a bright, incisive manner and an uncontrollable habit of plunging in *medias res*. The house in which we met our host is a frame two-story building. Attached to it is a vast conservatory, of which more anon. The basement contains an "Egyptian Room" for hatching purposes, a patent heating apparatus, facetiously termed "the old hen," since from its iron body all the vitalizing heat is imparted for incubation, a store-room, and one or two offices. Ascending a staircase, we are ushered into a grim-looking array of electric batteries, with wires stretching in every direction like cobwebs, while electric alarms everywhere frown menacingly from the walls. A water-tank runs along one side of the apartment. From this ante-room, the office of Mr. Baker and the sleeping apartment of the egg-attendant give to the right hand; upon the left, the all-important hatching-room, from which the "peep," "peep," "peep," of the chickens arise in twittering chorus.

## THE EGYPTIAN METHOD.

The Egyptians, even before the Pyramids were constructed, were in the habit of hatching eggs by artificial means, and at the present hour the process is largely conducted all over the length and breadth of the land of the Ptolemies and Pharaohs. These egg-hatching establishments, it is stated, number 600, in which 12,000,000 chickens are annually incubated. The *mahmal*, or building, in which the

eggs are hatched is constructed of sunburnt or dried bricks, and consists of two parallel rows or small chambers and ovens—the latter uppermost—each about eleven feet square by about nine feet high, and divided by a narrow vaulted passage through which the attendant enters to watch the progress of the operation. The eggs suitable for hatching are placed on mats or straw sprinkled with bran on the floor of the chamber. The heat is produced by the consumption of *gileh*, a fuel made up of guano and chopped straw, and is steadily maintained at a temperature of 100 to 103 degrees, Fahr. The eggs remain in the incubator twenty-one days, two-thirds being successfully hatched. The operator of the *mahmal* receives one-half of the eggs to repay him for trouble and outlay, the original owner of the eggs receiving the other half. Having thus briefly disposed of the Egyptian method, we return to the chicken farm at Creskill-on-the-Hudson.

## THE HATCHING ROOM.

The hatching-room is a spacious, square apartment, with a low ceiling, double plastered and double windowed. Six sets of incubators or hatching-cases stand parallel to one another, with a roomy passage between. A case is constructed of galvanized iron, the upper compartment containing hot water, the middle, the eggs laid out upon trays, and the lower, cold water. The hot water is to imitate the warmth imparted by the body of the hen while sitting over her brood, the cold to substitute the moist or cool ground upon which she hatches, the best broods being invariably hatched upon moist ground. The heat of the room is 75°, that of the water, which is conveyed from a tank attached to each case and regulated by a thermostat, being 110. An electric battery communicates with the incubators, and any undue variation of heat is announced to the attendants through an indicator. As the hen allows the eggs to cool each day while she seeks for food, her example is followed here, and for a certain time daily the eggs are exposed to the Summer heat of the apartment, viz., 75°. There are eight trays in every case, each tray containing eighty eggs. The eggs subsequent to examination are laid upon a tray in flannel, a thermometer being carefully placed over them. "100° upon the eggs" is the heat maintained during incubation. After the expiration of twenty-one days the natural period of incubation, the chickens are hatched, and then placed in drawers, partly screened by wire, where they remain until dried and without food for twenty-four hours, when they are transferred to baskets in handbills and thence to the "brooding-house."

## THE EXAMINATION ROOM.

The eggs are bought from farmers, dealers and others, some consignments traveling one thousand miles—Mr. Baker, in the sweet by-and-by, purposes raising his own eggs, but so far, he remains satisfied with manufacturing chickens. The eggs before being placed upon the hatching trays, are subjected to a rapid but technical examination. An old egg which is light and metallic to the touch, is instantly rejected by the expert. The room in which the examination takes place is very small, and is kept dark as Erebus. The furniture of the apartment consists of a chair, a few flannel-lined shelves, and a desk or counter, also lined with flannel, upon which the eggs are carefully placed, and an argand lamp, in a black metallic case, shedding its brilliant light through an orifice the exact size and shape of

an egg. Against this opening the examiner places the egg which instantly shows that peculiar dead red seen in a frost-setting sun. The egg now acts as a screen to the light, and through this screen the light endeavors to force its way. The fierce light that beats upon the egg reveals the internal discoloration, a mere speck denoting the germ of vitality, and this "point" being discovered, the egg is laid aside for incubation, while muddy, addled or bright clear eggs are rejected as being unfit for hatching, and are utilized for food for the rising generation of chickens.

Mr. Baker was good enough to submit eggs in the various stages of development to the light until, from an almost imperceptible speck, the inmate rose to the full-fledged dignity of the chicken beneath our interested gaze.

No. 1 in our illustration shows the egg ready for incubation. (a) The vesicle swimming in yolk containing the embryo. (b) Two dense cords attached strongly to yolk, passing through the white and connected with inner membrane, keeping the yolk in position and preventing injury to embryo. (c) Air chamber between shell and lining membrane. (d) Inner membrane surrounding albumen.

No. 2 shows the appearance of egg after three hours' incubation, the embryo being lengthened, the caudal vein and blood vessels indicated.

No. 3 shows egg on third day of incubation, a bent and palpitating vessel, i. e., the heart, and distinct blood in vessels.

No. 4 shows appearance of egg in examining chamber.

No. 5 shows the inner appearance of egg after sixth day, the head and eyes of chick being developed.

No. 6 shows the outer appearance of egg in examining chamber on sixteenth day.

No. 7 shows chick completely formed, with first indication of feathers, twelfth day.

No. 8 shows chick on twenty-first day preparing for exit.

No. 9 shows the first pick on twenty-first day.

No. 10 shows the chicken stepping from out its shell in all the glowing consciousness of new-found liberty.

No. 11 shows the peculiar formation of bill that enables the chicken to pick its way out of shell.

Twenty-four hours in the hatching-tray develops the vitality of the chicken, and in forty-eight the motions of the heart are plainly perceptible. All the fluid in the egg must become absorbed during the period of incubation, the air cells as the chicken ages becoming larger, while the embryo bird in a somewhat anomalous manner grows smaller, i. e., is folded over to suit the requirements of its prison house. At fifteen days nearly all the blood-vessels become absorbed, feathers commencing to sprout upon the twelfth day. It is about this stage that the Chinese are most partial to eggs. On the twentieth day the chicken commences to chip its shell and to "peep" very distinctly. Upon the twenty-first day the air-cell which now envelops the bird like a winding-sheet, and is the color and substance of white paper, is burst and the chicken rolls forth from his doubled-up position in all the glowing consciousness of life and liberty. No chicken lives if taken out of its shell before the allotted twenty-first day. Two full-fledged, lusty birds of twenty days were liberated for us, but after a brief and gallant struggle they yielded to the inevitable law of nature.

Having now hatched our chicken and dried him, we will follow him to the

## BROODING HOUSE.

This building is an enormous conservatory, 150 feet long by 30 broad and 16 high. There are two tiers of benches for vegetation, especially for green lettuce, which is grown all the year round, as it is considered absolutely essential for feeding the young chickens. They are also fed upon the yolks of eggs that miscarry in the hatching, and upon the worms generated through the decomposing of the bodies of such chickens as disease or accident may deprive of life, the maggots derived from this source being highly valued. Another quality of food strongly recommended is the blood drawn from the fowls while being killed for market. There are fifty compartments in the brooding-house, capable of containing 100 chickens in each. Consequently there are 5,000 chickens perpetually peeping, picking and fluttering in this Summer palace, the heat being invariably maintained at 75°. Here the birds are kept for about three weeks, provided with every luxury, including blanket-lined sleeping places, beneath hot water troughs, the "old hen" receiving them under her zinc wings when they feel inclined to sleep in cozy comfort. We observed a good many of the celebrated Houdan breed, one which Mr. Baker is desirous of acquiring more of, since this fowl is best suited for market purposes in consequence of the smallness of offal in proportion to the flesh, in addition to the fact of filling out more rapidly than any other known species. From the brooding-house the chicken is transferred to

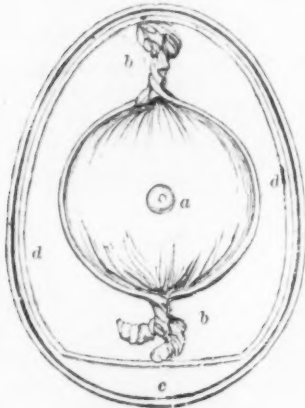
## THE HENNERY.

This structure, half conservatory, half shed, is 456 feet long—not a bad rifle range. An iron track runs along this building furnished with a small wagon, used in carrying the boxes in which the fowls are placed, food, etc. Upon the left is a dry refrigerator into which the chickens are deposited after they have been killed and picked. The birds are emancipated in batches of seventy into light, bright, cheerful compartments, provided with inclines and small stairs leading to sleeping apartments, as many of them are not sufficiently strong to roost. Next to the refrigerator comes the

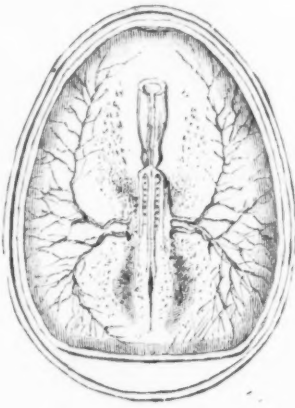
## FORCED FEEDING ROOM.

This building is 120 feet long by 20 feet broad and 15 feet high, and contains eight rotary cylinders. These cylinders are fitted up with coops, 240 coops to each—in all, 1,680. Into this department comes the chicken in order to be fattened for the market. The process of fattening takes from ten to twelve days. The chicken is fed as long as he will stand it, and so soon as the bird refuses a meal he is led forth to the slaughter. In three weeks he increases his weight by one pound. The feed consists of a mixture of Indian meal, milk and water, thus supplying food and drink at the same moment. None but healthy fowl can stand forced feeding, as it is a process requiring strong digestive powers. Three feeds show whether the bird is fit for forcing or not. A large chicken will take half a pint of food at a meal. The fowl are fed twice a day—at 5 A. M. and 6 P. M. Absolute quiet is maintained, no person being permitted to enter the building save at meal-times, as a flutter amongst the birds causes a loss of a certain number of pounds of meat.

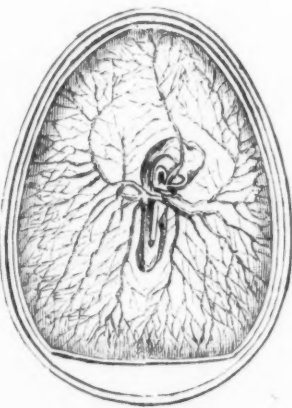
The cylinders are twelve feet high, the diameter being eleven feet. In close proximity to the cylinder is an elevator worked by hand. This elevator raises a platform. On the platform is a tank con-



1. Egg ready for incubation.



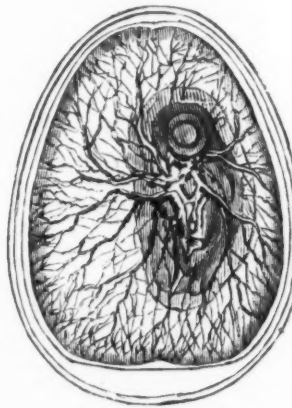
2. Egg after three hours' incubation.



3. Appearance on third day.



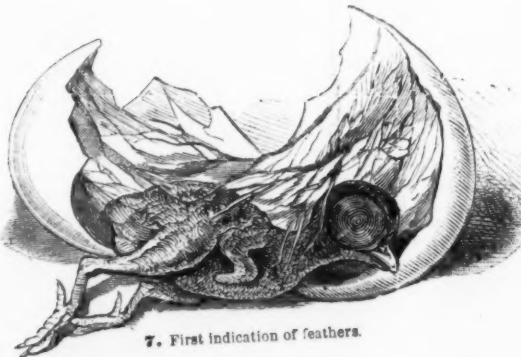
4. View of egg in the camera on sixth day.



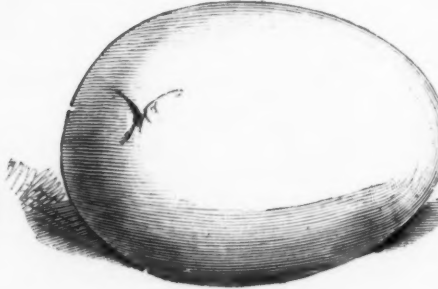
5. Inner appearance on sixteenth day.



6. Outer appearance on sixteenth day.



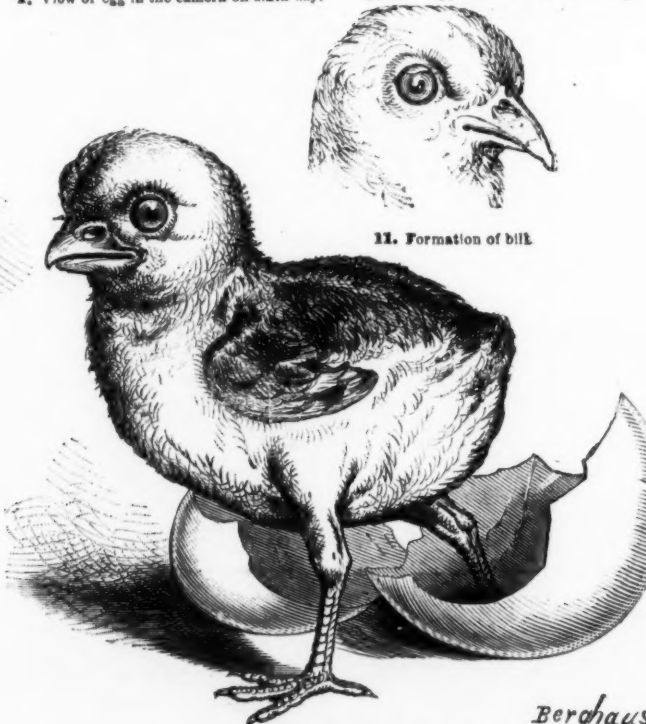
7. First indication of feathers.



9. First pick on shell.



8. Chicken on twenty-first day.



10. "How d'ye do?"

11. Formation of bill.

Berghaus.



taining the liquid food. Connected with the tank is a pump, a hose and a nozzle. The nozzle is silver-plated, and smooth as crystal, as any unevenness on its surface would scarify the throat of the bird. The mode of feeding is unique. The attendant stands upon the platform, his foot in a stirrup which works the pump, his right hand holding the nozzle. The chickens are fastened in the coops by soft leg straps, their heads being turned outwards. The attendant, having selected his tier, sets the cylinder in motion, and as each coop comes round, he seizes the chicken dexterously by the neck, presses open the mouth, and plunges the silver-plated nozzle right down into the crop, pushes down his foot, works the pump, and lo! the food is injected and the bird is fed. An expert will feed 240 chickens in thirty minutes. A good broiler should weigh one pound and a half, this weight being reached at the age of two months.

Mr. Baker "manufactures"—we use his own term—82,000 chickens every year, and is making arrangements to turn out 300 a day.

#### THE KILLING ROOM

Is a blood-and-feather-beattered apartment, with large crates standing around called "hearses," and a gore-stained shelf in the middle telling its own sanguinary tale like the headman's block. The doomed fowl are sent to the knife of the executioner in batches of seventy-five. This grim official, attired in a leather apron, stands beside the crate, and snatching a fowl by the neck, dexterously holds it in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of its fluttering. He then inserts his fatal knife through the gaping mouth, over the tongue, gently touching the brain so as to produce paralysis, and then by a jerk of the wrist separates the jugular vein. The fowl is then tilted head downwards in order to save the bright-red blood in a vessel specially provided for that purpose.

Poor or infirm poultry are "scald picked," that is, plunged in water but first-class; fowl are hand picked, and no abrasion should ever appear. A picker kills and picks, never permitting the fowl to leave his hand until both operations are completed. The blood is saved for food for the young chickens, while the refuse meat of slaughter-houses is rapidly coming to the front. This is sold in cakes of 600 pounds, hydraulically pressed, at \$20 a ton. Mr. Baker laughingly assured us that it is much better food than the stereotyped boarding-house hash.

An expert will kill and pick 500 chickens a day. The feathers, which are bagged and sold at eight cents per pound, pay for the picking. When killed and picked, the chickens are deposited in an ice-box or dry refrigerator, and packed in boxes of one hundred, in barrels of thirty. The chickens are kept fasting for twenty-four hours before killing, such being the market etiquette. At 2 A. M. they are shipped for market, and a few hours later New Yorkers have them broiled for breakfast. Well may we pause a little, ere we anxiously exclaim—"What next?"

#### UNITED STATES AND BRAZIL.

##### THE NEW LINE TO RIO DE JANEIRO.

THE map which we publish herewith illustrates the latest and most extensive American ocean steamship enterprise. The United States and Brazil Mail Steamship Line, without waiting for outside capital or Congress to come to its aid, has launched, and within sixty days will have upon the line between this city and the Brazilian ports two of the finest steamships ever constructed. The first, the *City of Rio de Janeiro*, is announced to leave New York on Saturday, May 4th; her sister ship, the *City of Para*, will follow early in June; and others are in course of construction.

Concerning the history, purpose and prospects of this great enterprise, no better statement can be given than that of Mr. John Roach, its founder and head, which is in substance as follows:

After the panic of 1873, said he, the real cause of the depressed condition of the country was not well understood, and many of our business men thought the effects would pass away in a little while, just as had been the case after other temporary periods of commercial depression. Such not proving to be the fact, in the latter part of 1874 he began to inquire into the causes of the long-continued stagnation. He found there was a large over-production of manufactured goods. We were making more goods than our own people could consume, and there were many foreign markets which we had no means of reaching. The condition of our own business—shipbuilding—showed this state of affairs. There were more shipyards than there were ships to build. Even the coasting trade was so much cut up by the railroads that there was a very much reduced demand for small vessels. It was plain that there was more money invested in railroads and in manufacturing than was necessary for home consumption, and he knew that it would stimulate shipbuilding and the general business of the country to find a new market for our productions. We would either have to close up some of our factories or extend the field we were to supply. He knew that if we could only do the latter we would have great advantages in shipbuilding, for we can construct iron ships cheaper here than in any part of the world because of our natural advantages, having all the materials at hand. His attention was directed toward South America, and he appointed a competent gentleman to visit the countries of the lower continent and carefully study their condition. During the Centennial he made himself acquainted with the representatives of the leading South American nations, and found that they were very much interested in our labor-saving machinery, and desirous of exchanging their agricultural products for our manufactures.

#### BRAZIL.

But no other country presented such an inviting field as Brazil. With a territory of 4,000,000 square miles—larger than our own country before the annexation of Alaska—she produces in abundance many things which we need, such as coffee, rubber, valuable hard woods, dye woods, etc., while she is anxious to get in exchange agricultural implements, and many other kinds of our manufactured articles. No two countries in the world are better adapted to trade with each other, adjoining as they do almost, and each producing so many things that the other wants. Having reached this conclusion, the next thing was to open a road to Brazil. At this stage he called to his confi-

dence Colonel W. P. Tisdal, who had traveled a great deal in South America. Furnished with the proper letters, he went to Brazil to discover exactly the true condition of the Empire, its resources, its value to the manufacturers of the United States as a market, and why it was that while we purchased so much from them they bought so little from us, the fact being that we imported from Brazil \$50,000,000 a year, and sent back only \$7,000,000 in goods, the difference having to be made up in gold taken out of the country. It was found that the United States is the only leading nation without direct communication with Brazil. All the great manufacturing nations of Europe have mail facilities with Brazil, and bring back Brazilian products—England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, all having lines of steamers offering to their manufacturers the opportunity to ship to Brazil. The American flag is not known in Brazilian waters except when an occasional sailing vessel arrives.

#### ENGLISH SUPREMACY.

The English control by far the largest portion of the Brazilian trade, and our difficulties began when we sought to obtain a portion of it for the United States. We are the only people the English ever dread in competition in the manufacturing world, and every effort was made to retain to themselves the control of the Brazilian markets. To shut off an American line the English steamers had obtained a contract from the Empire to carry the mails from Rio Janeiro to the United States, merely stopping at New York on their way to Liverpool, but taking nothing back from this country. They come here with the Brazilian mail and a cargo of coffee, duty free, then cross to Liverpool and return to Brazil with English manufactured goods, thus preventing the United States from shipping anything to Brazil. For carrying the mails this way the English steamers receive from the Brazilian Empire \$100,000 a year, and a like sum from Great Britain. There is the greatest desire in Brazil to obtain American goods, but the character of the English steamers is such that even the Brazilian merchants who desire to come to this country to buy will not travel on them. All mail communications from the United States to Brazil have to go in an English steamer first to Liverpool, and thence by that roundabout way to its destination, at a cost of twenty-one cents on a letter, nineteen of which go to the English Government. This almost prohibits business intercourse between this country and Brazil, and explains why the Brazilian exports last year were \$107,000,000, of which the United States purchased more than one-half, sending Brazil back only \$7,000,000 in petroleum, flour, butter and other things, which could not be sent from England, and which England, therefore, permitted us to send. A large portion of our imports were first sent across the Atlantic to Liverpool before going to Brazil.

#### ALMOST INSURMOUNTABLE DIFFICULTIES.

With this state of affairs existing, and this contract with the English Government, it seemed well-nigh impossible to establish an American line of steamers in opposition, while our own Government was disposed to do nothing to encourage the enterprise unless the initial steps were taken by Brazil. The experiment of a direct line from New York to Brazil was tried in 1874 by an English company, who put on a steamer to make the round trip, but it failed to pay because of the existence of the subsidized line. Colonel Tisdal learned that the English contract expired in February, 1877, and submitted a proposition for the contract, which was favorably received by the Brazilian Government.

#### SUCCESS AT LAST.

The agreement with the Brazilian Government, dated November 10th, 1877, with John Roach & Son, is for ten years from the commencement of the line on the 1st of May. The time, including stoppages at St. Thomas, Para, Pernambuco and Bahia will be twenty days. The mails are to be delivered at the different points on specified days, a failure subjecting the ship to fines and penalties. In these services in carrying the mails the ships will receive as compensation \$100,000 a year. The contract is in Mr. Roach's name alone, he held personally responsible, and its terms are very strict. The moment the contract is put into the hands of a stock company and becomes a stock speculation it is void.

#### ACTION BY CONGRESS.

##### THE PENDING BILL.

Early in the first session of the present Congress, the matter of public aid to the projected steamship line was actively discussed. Several bills, reaching in different methods the object sought, were offered in the House of Representatives, referred to the Post-office Committee, and after full hearing of all persons interested, a report was made, accompanied by a bill which authorizes and directs the Postmaster-general to unite with the proper authorities in Brazil in establishing two lines of first-class steamships, one from New York and one from New Orleans, to Rio, each to run monthly, making semi-monthly service, the Postmaster-general to advertise for the service, and to require proper security for its performance; separate contracts for the two lines to be made, and the United States to be responsible only for its own contracts; the maximum price for the service to be thirty dollars per mile per annum for each line for the distance between the ports respectively, and the contract to be for ten years, the service on the first line to commence on or before June 1, 1878, and on the second on or before August 1, 1878. The ships are to be of 3,000 tons burthen, iron, American built and owned, first-class in every respect, capable of making thirteen knots per hour, and suitable for naval service in case of war; to be inspected by a naval constructor; to carry mail agents free; a *pro rata* reduction to be required in case of any failure, and fines, etc., imposed for delay; the contractors to be prohibited from assigning or sub-letting the contract, and the vessels to be always subject to the call of the Government at reasonable rates of charter-party, to be exempt from port charges, etc., and are to touch at such

points on their voyages as the Postmaster-general may direct.

#### REPORT OF THE POST-OFFICE COMMITTEE.

Gen. Waddell, the chairman of the committee, presented, with the bill, a thorough and exhaustive report, in which the reasons for it are fully stated. We give below some of the most important and interesting portions of the report:

The main object contemplated is the revival of American commerce, by the opening of new avenues of trade, thus giving a quickening impulse to all our industries. A liberal policy—such a policy as that adopted by other countries to our great disadvantage—in fostering our merchant marine by every means, including liberal compensation for carrying the mails, is absolutely necessary, in the judgment of the committee, to the national welfare at this time.

The decadence of our foreign navigation is alarming. Since 1857 the proportion of tonnage as between our own and foreign ships engaged in trade to and from this country has been reversed, although the commerce has increased nearly one hundred per cent. In 1857 the value of the foreign trade carried to and from all American ports in American bottoms was \$510,000,000, and the total carried in foreign bottoms was \$213,000,000. In 1867 the figures were reversed, foreign ships carrying \$580,000,000, while American ships carried only \$296,000,000. In 1877 the proportion was still greater against us, foreign bottoms carrying \$858,000,000, to \$316,000,000 carried in American bottoms, and this being a million less than our vessels carried twenty-five years ago. It is estimated that we now pay yearly to foreign shipowners, for carrying passengers, goods, and mails, at least \$50,000,000. Steam is rapidly superseding sails, and with the same tonnage, does three times the work. Our steam marine is insignificant, and, therefore, we cannot compete with the other nations of the world in the carrying trade until we build it up. Europe has 200 steamships running to and from the United States, and the United States has less than 15 steamships running across the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Three-fifths of the exports, nine-tenths of the imports, and all the passengers and mails to and from New York, go by steamships. Twenty years ago we spent for shipbuilding \$25,000,000 per annum, exclusive of the immense sums expended for repairing old vessels. Nearly all this money was paid for labor. Now we expend less than half this sum, or about \$11,000,000.

The tonnage in our foreign trade has doubled, but our shipbuilding has been reduced one-half. Our sailing-vessels, so far as foreign trade is concerned, are little more than so much dead capital. The coasting-trade, protected by law against foreign interference, is about all we have left that is profitable, and there is danger that even this remnant of our former commercial glory will pass away from us unless our policy is changed. Surely we will not permit our merchant marine to be destroyed, and the carrying trade of our country, situated as it is geographically, and absolutely matchless in its resources, to be transferred permanently to other hands. The time has come when we are forced to consider this subject. Our home markets are glutted with manufactured goods and other products, and unemployed labor starves in our streets. Outlets must be found for these products by opening new channels of commerce, or reclaiming old ones. Our necessities, social and political, no less than commercial, demand it. We cannot afford to neglect it any longer.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the history of American commerce is the strange indifference which has always, until now, existed in this country in regard to trade relations with the Empire of Brazil. It is a magnificent country, governed by an enlightened ruler, and rapidly progressing toward a condition of the highest prosperity. It covers an area of nearly 4,000,000 square miles, and contains a population of 12,000,000. It has a foreign commerce of \$200,000,000, and a coasting-trade of about \$50,000,000, open to foreign flags. Of this trade, which is yearly increasing, the United States has less than \$50,000,000, and exports only about \$7,250,000 to that country, although it needs a great many, if not most, of our manufactured products. The rest of the trade is with Europe, and the gold we pay to meet the balance of trade against us goes to England to purchase supplies for Brazil, all of which supplies we ourselves produce.

Why is this? The answer is humiliating. There is not a steamship line between the United States and Brazil, not even a foreign-owned one; but there are nine regularly-established steamship lines between Europe and Brazil, each of which is generously paid for carrying the mails semi-monthly, and all the vessels employed are first-class, and of over three thousand tons burden. England, France, and Germany each has steamship lines to Brazil, and each pays very liberally for the transportation of the mails there and elsewhere on the high seas. There is not a single American banking house in Brazil, and not a banking-house in New York doing Brazilian business. All exchanges are negotiated through London. Every letter from this country directed to Brazil has to go, not directly south, but across the Atlantic, 3,000 miles to England, and thence 5,000 miles to Brazil, and about nine-tenths of the postage on it goes to support the heavily-paid steamship lines between the two last-named countries. The postage on a letter to Brazil, until Brazil entered the postal union last July, was twenty-one cents, and about eighteen cents of that went to English steamships. The postage is now less, but is divided in the same proportion. England pays her lines about \$3 per mile, and France pays hers over \$7 per mile, for every mile traveled, for transporting the mail to Brazil. It will, of course, take time to divert a large portion of this South American trade to the United States. England will make a desperate effort to retain it. Although after establishing a monopoly of trade, she has sometimes reduced or entirely withdrawn her large mail-pay, she has never done so as long as there was competition. She has paid in this way in the last ten years over fifty millions of dollars, and she is mistress of the seas.

We believe the cultivation of closer commercial

relations with Brazil and other parts of South America of vital importance, and we are satisfied that private enterprise, unrecognized and unassisted by the Government, cannot successfully compete with the well-established European lines for this trade, fostered and sustained as the latter are by their respective governments. The committee regard the establishment of two lines to Brazil—one from New York and the other from New Orleans—as necessary, for reasons which are at once apparent. Three-fourths of the imports into this country come to New York. It is the great heart and centre of our commerce, the emporium of American trade. Other reasons induced the selection of New Orleans as the terminus of the other line. It was the wish of the Brazilian Government to see a line established at New Orleans, and that the Emperor would co-operate with the United States in giving aid to it if established. But, in addition to this, there are overwhelming considerations affecting the interests of half the American people in its favor. New Orleans is to the inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley what New York is to the Eastern States; and the great, magnificent territory of Texas, with its boundless resources of all kinds, now being rapidly developed, must be included as among her tributaries. The success of the work at the mouth of the Mississippi assures her supremacy as a commercial port for the future. But, above all other considerations, New Orleans is the natural outlet and inlet for trade between South America and the United States.

#### THE NEW STEAMERS.

The two ships are each 370 feet long over all; 39 feet beam; depth of hold, from base line to top of spar deck, is 31 feet 6 inches, and they will be of 3,500 tons, Custom House register. The mean load draft will be 21 feet. They have three decks besides the hurricane deck. The spar and main decks are entirely of iron, covered with a five-inch hard-wood deck; also, the hurricane deck from the stem to the after side of the main hatch. The deck frames are iron, fastened in the most secure manner known in naval architecture. The deck houses are iron, thoroughly braced and stiffened.

There are six bulkheads which divide the steamship into seven absolutely water-tight compartments. Connecting with these compartments they have bilge pumps with separate valves, so that one or all can be operated at the same time. It will thus be understood that every possible precaution against sinking as a consequence of collision or otherwise has been provided.

The first frame of the *City of Rio de Janeiro* was raised on the fifth day of November, 1877. That of her companion, or sister ship, *City of Para*, followed on the 22d of November. So that the first was launched exactly in four months and one day from the time she was begun, and the latter, which recently went into the water was in the same proportion of construction time, and both these vessels were in a nearer state of completion than any vessel heretofore launched at the Chester works. This record is unprecedented in the history of iron shipbuilding.

Both were built under the special supervision of the French Bureau Veritas and the American Shipmasters' Association of New York, and will have the highest possible rate. Nothing but the very best material has been allowed to go into these ships, and everything known to the trade has been done to render them perfectly strong and seaworthy.

They are constructed with a centre line keelson, which runs from the top of the solid bar keel above the floors, and fastened thereto with strong, double angle irons.

On each side of this and underneath the angle iron there is a heavy floor stringer riveted securely to the double bars of each frame.

The hold stringers for two-thirds the vessel's length amidships have a heavy bulb iron bar between the angle irons. These vessels will be provided with eight metallic lifeboats whose carrying capacity will each be from thirty-five to sixty persons, and with four life-rafts, which, altogether, will carry seven hundred persons. The four hoisters, windlass, capstan, and the latest improved steering apparatus, will be worked by steam.

The capacity of the coal-bunkers is 700 tons, and the temporary or shifting bunkers will carry 700 tons additional.

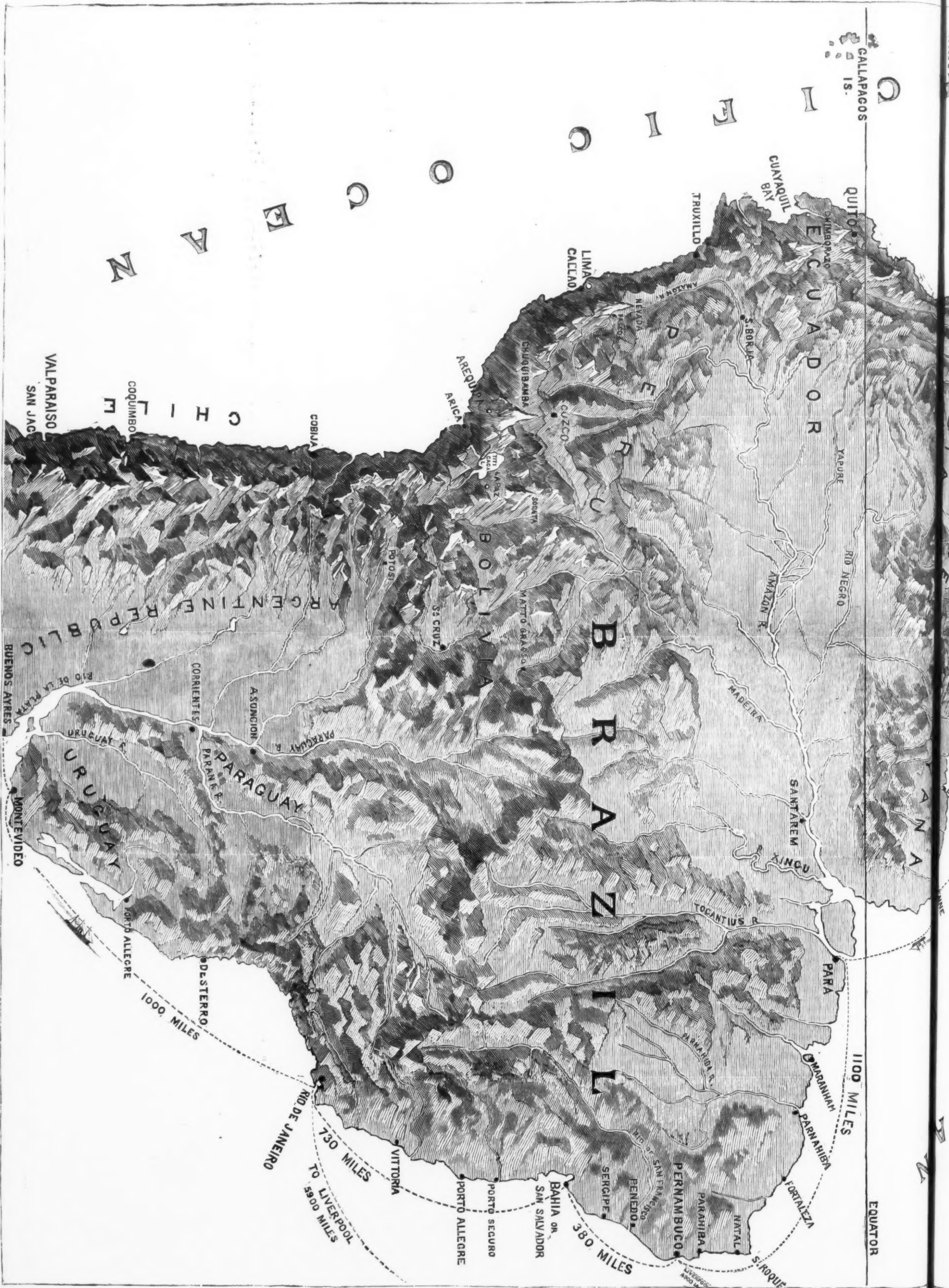
The machinery proper consists of two compound surface condensing engines two thousand five hundred horse power, and with separate engines for working the air and circulating pumps. By this arrangement the main engines have no work to perform except to turn the propeller. The six boilers are of the cylindrical return tubular type, the working pressure of which is ninety pounds to the square inch. There is also a donkey boiler of large capacity, for hoisting purposes, clearing the bilge, supplying the main boilers with water and in case of fire. The propeller is brass, of the Hirsch patent, having four blades; the diameter is sixteen feet.

They will be barkentine-rigged; the lower masts, being iron, will be used as ventilators between decks.

The maximum passenger capacity will be for 100 first-class passengers and for 400 persons in the steerage. Large and commodious rooms are provided on the hurricane-deck for the captain and officers. Also a smoking-room, of large dimensions, richly furnished, with lounge-seats and circular tables; this room is for the special delectation of the gentlemen.

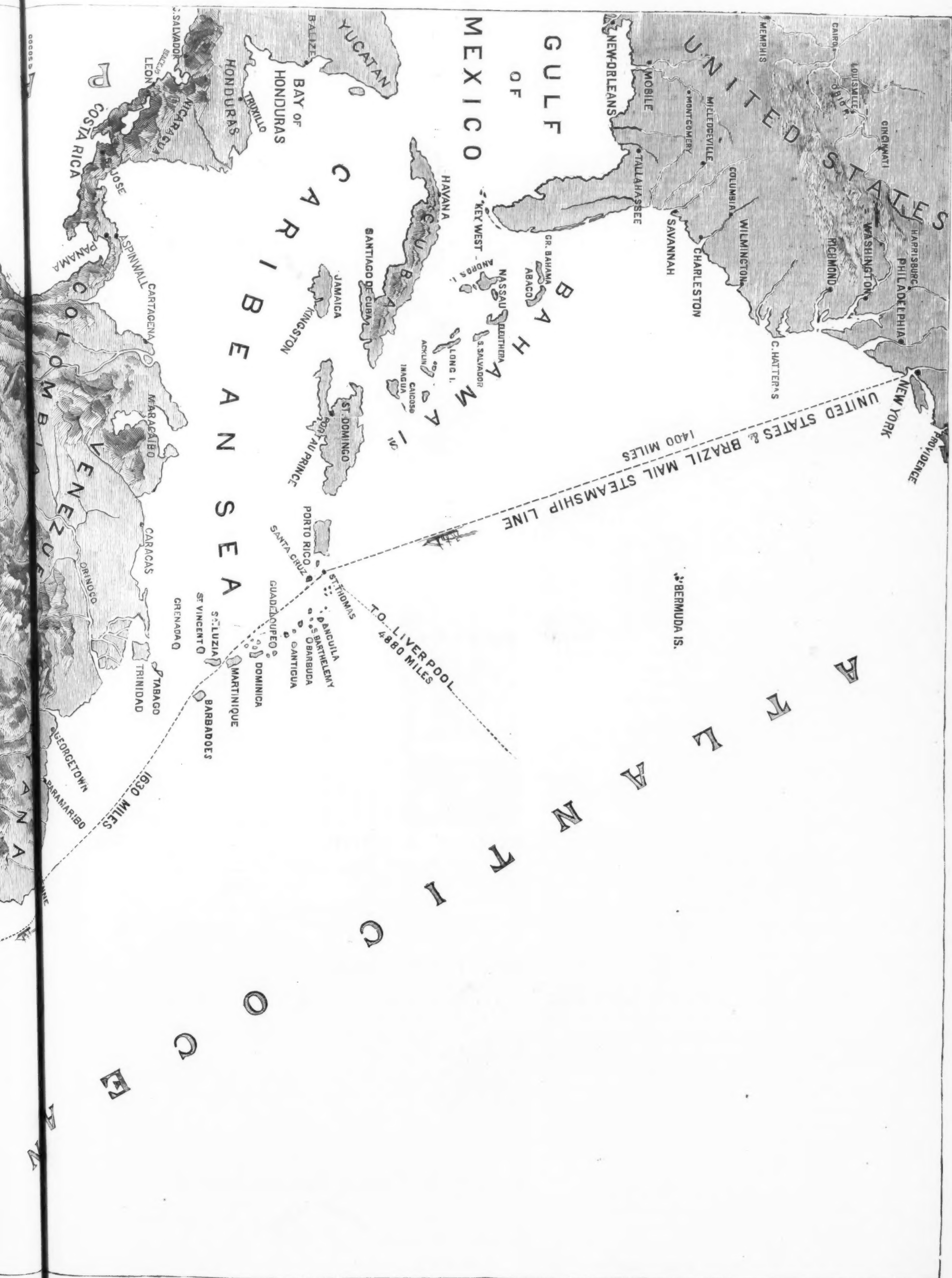
The accommodation provided in these vessels for passengers is unexcelled for convenience and comfort. For the first class, the provision made consists of a magnificent saloon, 130 feet in length by a width of 30 feet in the widest part. This is an exceedingly sumptuous and commodious apartment. It is richly furnished in every respect, having six rows of tables, ranged parallel to each other for over 60 feet in length, capable of accommodating over 100 persons. Alongside of them are placed sofas with shifting backs, and in addition to these is a range of sofas stretching almost completely around the entire length of the saloon. The chairs and sofas are luxuriously upholstered in crimson velvet, affording elegant as well as comfortable accommodation to their occupants.





INTER-CONTINENTAL COMMERCE.—TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF THE COASTS OF NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA, SHOWING THE ROUTE TRAVERSED BY THE NEW UNITED STATES AND BRAZIL MAIL STEAMSHIP LINE.—SEE PAGE 105.







From the ceiling a rack is suspended over each table filled with wine-glasses, decanters, and other useful as well as ornamental articles. The hangers for these racks and the large lamp over each table are silver-plated and of magnificent design. This saloon is amply lighted during the day by 62 square sliding-windows, each 26 by 20 inches, besides which there are six large mahogany skylights fitted with ornamental glass, which serve the purpose of at once affording light and efficiently aiding the ventilation. The ceiling of this large and beautiful saloon is over eight feet from the floor to the under edge of the deck beams. The floor is to be inlaid, the patterns being worked out in a harmonious mixture of oak and black walnut, and the carpets will be of the best Wilton Brussels.

The saloon itself is abundantly supplied with mirrors. In point of fact, the effect presented by this magnificent saloon and its furnishings is of a most pleasing character, being distinguished by elegance and good taste, and it only remains to be said further that it is amply supplied with ventilating and heating appliances, by which its salubrity and comfort are fully secured under any change of climate, as will be experienced by their passengers.

The joiner-work is dazzlingly beautiful; the styles are bluster walnut; the panels are Hungarian ash and French walnut, with Honduras mahogany moldings. The architrave is of amaranth and maple, trimmed with bird's-eye maple. The pilasters, base blocks and caps, are of French walnut, with mahogany edges; caps trimmed with gold. Another item worth of mention is the grand stairway, composed of highly polished woods. At the bottom of it, in the main saloon, are two elegant Newel posts, finished to match, and surmounting each is a handsome bronze figure supporting a lamp. This stairway leads to the social hall, or ladies' saloon, of rare beauty. It is 54 feet in length by 21 feet in the widest part, and is sumptuously furnished. The sofas are upholstered in crimson velvet, and the carpet is of the best Brussels. At the forward end is a grand upright piano. The apartment, which is light and cheerful, is enriched in general effect by a mirror of large size and beauty, leading from the landing of the stairway to the ceiling of the upper saloon. Like the principal saloon, it is fully lighted at night with handsome patent oil lamps; the general effect, either by day or night, being cheerful and brilliant.

The staterooms, or sleeping apartments, for the first-class passengers are on the spar and hurricane decks aft of the saloon. They are large, airy, fully lighted, and finished in a style of luxurious comfort. A peculiarity in the sleeping accommodations of these steamers is that the berths are arranged for one or two persons, the upper berth rolling back, the same as those used in the Pullman palace cars. All of the berths are fitted with rich lambrequins and lace curtains. In each room there is a richly upholstered lounge, and every desirable accommodation.

It is also worthy of remark that the saloon, the ladies' cabin, the smoking-room and every individual berth in the first-class department are supplied with electric annunciators communicating with the steward's department, thus insuring immediate attention. In reference to the main saloon and its arrangements, it is necessary to state that the cooking-galley is situated immediately forward of the pantry, and connected by a sliding door through which the cooked viands and the dishes are immediately transferred to a large hot table, heated by steam, on which the different dishes are kept hot, and carved to be served out to the guests, *à la Russe*.

In the afterpart of the main saloon there is a commodious ladies' boudoir, containing a bathroom, supplied with hot and cold and sea water, and fitted with lounge, mirror, etc.

Amidships, on the spar deck, there is a perfectly furnished barber shop, 20x10 feet, fitted with all the appliances necessary, and connected with this there are two large bath-rooms, complete in all their appointments.

The forward iron deck house on the spar deck is an ice-house 20x16 feet, divided into four compartments. One of these compartments will be used for an ice-making machine capable of producing two tons per day. The other compartments will be used for storing fresh meat and vegetables. Connected with the same there will also be a butcher-shop.

Aft on the main deck is a large mail and specie room, fitted with every convenience for sorting the mails, etc.

Before the contract for mail service between the United States and Brazil was executed, his Excellency the Minister of Agriculture required that the ships composing the line should be of a character to compare favorably with the ships plying between Europe and Brazil, and in order that the request of his Excellency might be complied with, the management have spared neither pains nor expense in the finish of the ships, and in their equipment these vessels will perhaps be the most perfect vessels afloat, and in this respect they are a credit to the inventive talent of the country. Everything about them being of American manufacture, they are really model American steamships.

#### THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1878.

NO POSTPONEMENT OF THE OPENING.

ALL doubts about the opening of the Paris Exposition on the day designated have been set at rest at a meeting of the French Cabinet, and a formal programme for the ceremonies has been adopted.

Shortly before 2 o'clock on Wednesday, May 1st, M. Trisere du Bort, Minister of Commerce, will receive in the grand vestibule of the Trocadero the foreign Princes present on the occasion, namely: The Prince of Wales; Don Francisco d'As-las, father of the King of Spain; the Duc d'Aosta, brother of the King of Italy and ex-King of Spain; Prince Frederic, Crown Prince of Denmark; the Prince of Orange, heir apparent to the throne of the Netherlands, and the Duke de Leuchtenberg, of Russia. After conducting them to the Princes' saloon, he will

receive the Ambassadors, Foreign Commissioners, Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the Chambers, Ministers, Deputations, Senators and Deputies. At two o'clock Marshal MacMahon will arrive in the State carriage, escorted by his military household, troops being drawn up all along the route from the Elysée. He will first repair to the Princes' saloon, and a procession will then be formed, which will march from the Grand Arcade to the platform overlooking the fountain and commanding a view of nearly all the buildings and grounds. Here M. Trisere du Bort will welcome the Marshal in a short speech, and the Marshal will then declare the Exhibition opened. One hundred and one rounds from the guns at the Invalides, on Mont Valerien and on an island in the Seine, will follow the announcement. At the same time two military bands will strike up, all the fountains will play, and soldiers stationed by the flagstaffs will hoist the flags of all nations on the roofs of the two palaces and the annexes. The Marshal will then reascend to the Trocadero Palace, the procession reforming behind him, and, after completing the round of the building, will cross over the river to the Champ de Mars. The troops will be drawn up on or near the bridge. The terrace of the Champ de Mars Palace will be occupied by Senators, Deputies, the Council of State, magistrates, academicians, the military staff and the French Commissioners. Entering by the central door, the procession will go through the grand vestibule, decorated with the Crown jewels, Sevres porcelain, Gobelins tapestries, and the Prince of Wales's Indian collection. It will then pass through all the sections, the Commissioners of each country greeting it at the door, and will next inspect the Military School, where all the Exhibition workmen will be stationed, and will, lastly, traverse the machinery annexes. Arriving at the gates, the Marshal will take leave of the Princes and other distinguished personages and return to the Elysée by a different route, but, as before, between a line of troops.

Mme. MacMahon and wives of Ambassadors and Ministers will be assigned stations behind the Trocadero platform. The Exhibition will be open to the public immediately on the close of the ceremony.

Marshal MacMahon will hold a grand reception at the Elysée on the opening day, and also give a dinner in honor of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Aosta.

#### Self Concentration.

WHENEVER circumstances have led to a man's occupying his time and his thoughts in one especial manner with any sort of zeal, he will unconsciously acquire such a readiness in detecting everything that has the remotest affinity to his paramount topic that it can never be quite out of his memory. There will always be the temptation to get back to it—set him down where you will, some by-way brings him back into the familiar highway. Cleverness will not place him out of risk. Indeed, the cleverer he is, the more likely he is to become, to this extent, the slave of his shop. This is not meant of the man of genius, of course, the many-sided man, but of the busy, practical man of common life. Say that he is of more than average intellect, that he has talent and, still better, a wise and honest love for his science, his art, or whatever may be the name of his work, he will be at a disadvantage as compared with the man who, failing either in the ability or in the energy necessary for concentration, has been enabled to learn a little plausible ignorance on a good many topics of general interest.

The Patent Ground Saws, made by Harvey W. Peace, at the Vulcan Saw Works, Brooklyn, N. Y., E. D., are said to be the very latest and best improvement in saws, and give excellent satisfaction wherever used.

Herring's Patent Safes are now in use in almost every city, town and village in the United States, and in many foreign countries. Thousands have been tried by fire, "always proving true to their trust." Messrs. Herring & Co. have recently issued a new list, the prices being lower than before the war.

The Atlantic Art Union, of this city, whose announcement appears in this paper, are prepared to supply their superb line engraving of Pope Pius IX. to patrons in Brazil and South America on the same terms as to subscribers in the United States. It is undoubtedly the best portrait of the lamented Holy Father in existence.

Norton's Worcesterine.—Hotels, Dining-rooms, etc., make your own Worcesterine Sauce at half the usual price with Norton's Worcesterine, a concentrated extract of Condiment and Spices. One Pint Bottle makes one Gallon. Equal to the best imported article known. It will keep in any climate, and improve by age. A great saving in expense; great saving in transportation, and a great convenience. Can be made up by the gallon or barrel at once. Prepared by Thos. Norton & Co., 499 Greenwich Street, New York.

The English papers have recently made much ado about a sawing-machine which felled a large tree in ten minutes. At the Centennial Exposition two men, with one of Boynton's new Patent Lightning Saws, cut off a sound log of green wood one foot in diameter in five minutes, or at the rate of one cord of wood in five minutes. According to the advertisement in this paper, the operation was witnessed with great interest by the Emperor Dom Pedro, Director-General Goshorn and an immense crowd of spectators.

#### KEEP'S SHIRTS.

The Best and Cheapest in the World.

WE CANNOT MAKE BETTER SHIRTS AT ANY PRICE.

All made from the celebrated Wamsutta Muslin; bosoms 3-ply, all linen. The very best.

Keep's Patent Partly Made Shirts, 6 for \$7. Only plain seams to finish.

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An elegant set of extra heavy Gold-plated Buttons presented to every purchaser of 6 Shirts.

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Canton Flannel Vests and Drawers, extra heavy, elegantly made, 75 cents each.

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Best Gingham, with Patented Protected Ribs, \$1 each.

Twilled Silk, Paragon Frames, \$3.

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Four-Ply Linen Collars, 6 for 75c.

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English Half-hose, super stout, 25c. pair.

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Samples and circulars mailed free, on application.

All goods warranted.

Shirts only delivered free.

Merchants will be furnished with Trade Circulars, on application, as we are prepared to furnish the trade on the most favorable terms.

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#### E. M. BOYNTON,

NEW YORK.



The Emperor Dom Pedro, accompanied by Director-General Goshorn, Superintendent Albert, and others, visited Machinery Hall, at the Centennial on the evening of June 28th. Among other things inspected, at the invitation of E. M. Boynton, of New York, they witnessed a trial of the New Lightning Saw, patented March 28th, 1876. Two men, with one of these saws, cut off a sound log of gum-wood, one foot extreme diameter, in seven seconds, or at the rate of a cord of wood in five minutes. Messrs. Corlies, Morell, Lynch, and other members of the commission, witnessed the trial and timed the cutting. The Emperor remarked, That was fast, very fast cutting. Last evening the Emperor made another examination of the saw.—Philadelphia Press, Pa., June 30th, 1876.

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Manufacturer of all kinds of first-class Saws, Saw Frames, Cross-Cut Handies, Tools, etc. Also Sole Proprietor of the

Genuine Patent Lightning Saw.

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**FINEST GRADES**

OF MEN'S

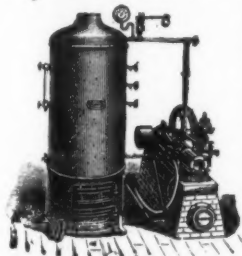
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AT WHOLESALE ONLY.

676 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

**"SHORT BAND" PATENT COLLARS AND "BEAD EDGE" CUFFS.**

### Snyder's 'Little Giant' Steam Engines

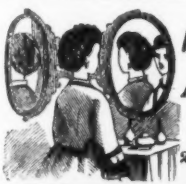


Sizes from One to Seven-horse Power. Prices for Engine and Boiler complete, from \$150 upward. The simplicity, strength and durability of our **LITTLE GIANTS** make them the best small powers in the country for Farmers, Planters, Machinists, Printers, and for all purposes where a reliable power is required.

Hundreds of testimonials from all parts of the world where they are in use. Prices lower than for any other known power where first-class materials are used and a high standard of workmanship is attained. Our full illustrated and descriptive catalogue mailed free on application.

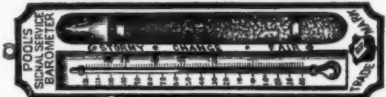
**SNYDER BROS., Manufacturers,**  
94 Fulton Street, New York.

N.B.—The sides and top of base to which the Engine is secured are made of plank, which are bolted to flanged iron ends. This is painted to closely resemble brick-work, making a handsome, durable and portable foundation. The feed water-heater passes through, and is supported by, this foundation.



**SCOTTRON'S ADJUSTABLE MIRRORS**  
Give the front, side and back views at once.  
ALL KINDS OF MIRRORS, CORNICES, Etc., For sale by  
**S. R. SCOTTRON,**  
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SEND FOR PRICE-LIST.

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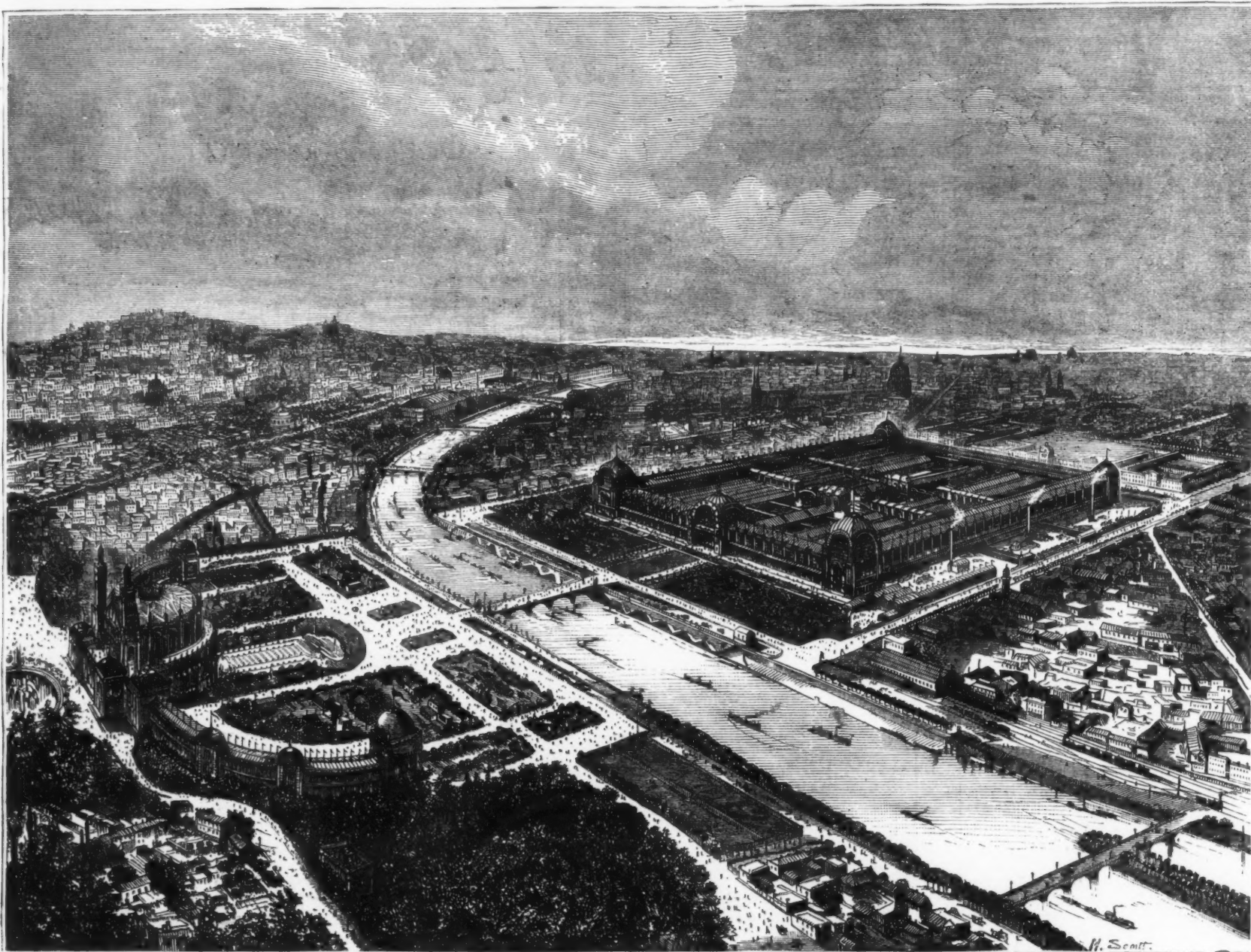
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